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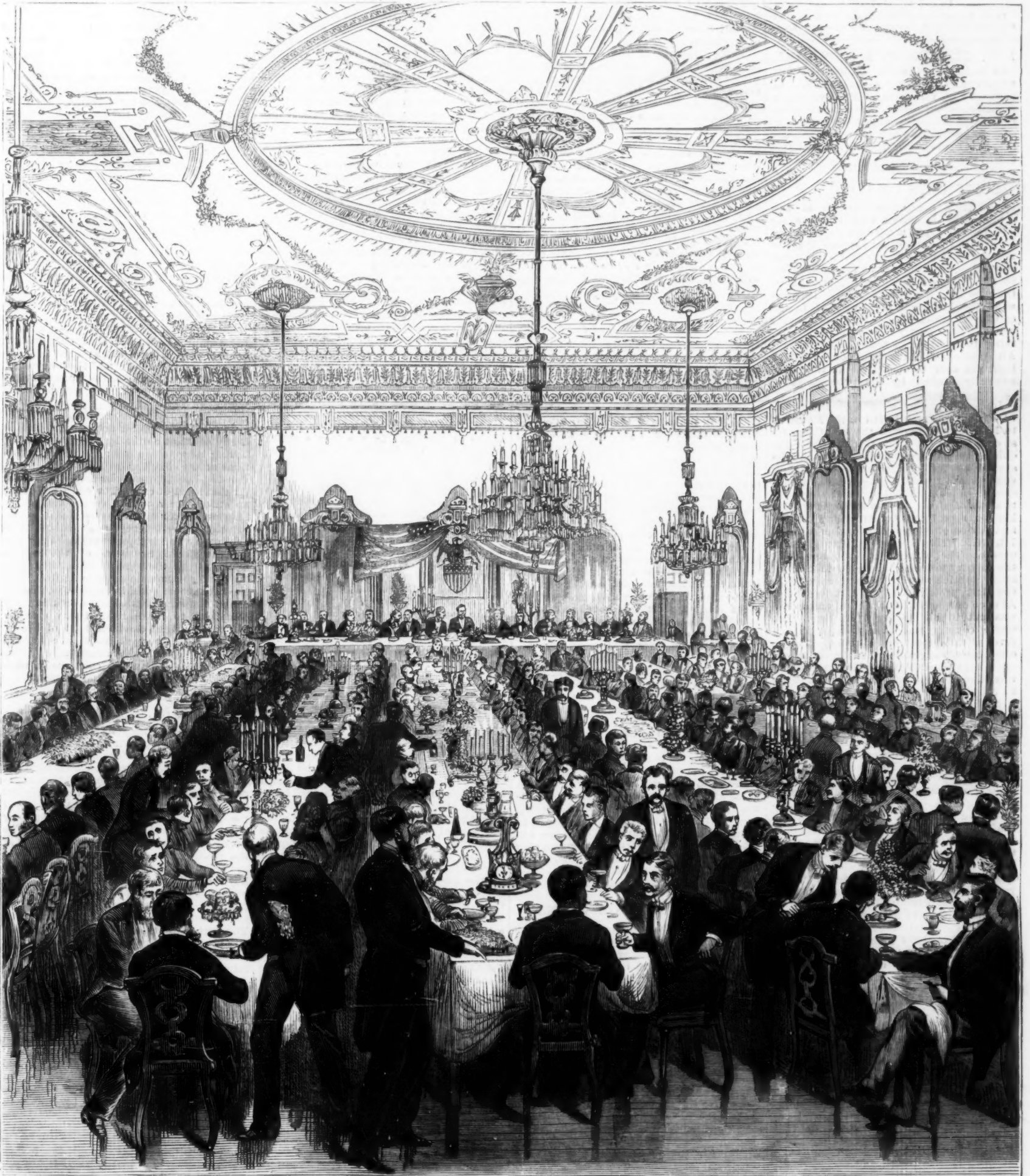
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AT DELMONICO'S, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22D.—SEE PAGE 307.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

We continue in this issue the amusing story of MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL, by MR. R. J. DE CORDOVA, which was begun last week in our Holiday Supplement. The author's skillful narrative is invested with a special charm by the humorous atmosphere in which the characters are enveloped, and their experiences and tribulations will be found to be very appropriate reading for this cheerful season.

SIXTY DAYS OF CONGRESS.

AFTER a continuous session of two months, Congress took a recess for the holidays. Called for a special session, with the recognized purpose of meeting the nation's obligations to the Army and Navy, it should have attended solely to this business and then adjourned until the time for the regular session. This was what the President contemplated in the call, under which the special session convened. The country needed rest from anything like political or financial excitement. All questions of partisanship ought to have been put over to such time as they were naturally evoked by the proceedings of the regular session.

It is a pity that such a plentiful lack of wisdom was manifested in the House as to lead it to embarrass the new Congress at once by the questions that had most disquieted its predecessor. No sooner had the special session opened than an attempt was made to rush through—almost without debate—a Bill providing for the remonetization of silver, and to follow it up by a Bill to repeal the Act providing for the resumption of specie payments on January 1st, 1879. This opened the floodgates of debate. The whole financial interests of the country were thus made the football of angry politicians who did not understand the first principles of political economy. At once our bonds felt the blow, and an end was put to all funding operations. The whole country was also plunged into a fever of excitement, and all business interests were embarrassed. Yet the silver fanatics kept on with their evil work, and at this time the professional politicians began to rub up old partisan sores. The Republican Senators insisted upon seating Kellogg, though they well knew that he had never been legally elected Senator from Louisiana, and this dragged in the cases of Butler and Eustis. Concerning the history of that struggle we have already spoken, and we simply mention it here in order to show the madness that ruled the hour at Washington, and the utter disregard manifested on all sides for the real interests of the country. This showed itself again in the bitter battle over the nominations made to promote reform of the Civil Service at New York—a battle in which rank partisanship was the only consideration, and personal politics the overruling sentiment. These causes combined to give us a continuous session of sixty days, marked by more extreme bitterness of debate than has been heard for many a year, and this bitterness is the more to be lamented because the country needs now all the blessings that peace and pacification can bring.

A brief review of the work of sixty days of Congress will show how barren of good fruit that period of legislation has been. The people longed for rest, but only excitement has been their portion. The resolution of Senator Stanley Matthews, insisting that the Government has the right to pay its debt in silver, though its promise to pay in gold is a matter of record, is the smoldering torch that may create a general conflagration. The country stands in an attitude of anxious expectancy now, dreading the future and the woes it may bring through legislative mistakes. This ought to have been avoided, and the whole discussion should have been postponed until after the holidays. A wise statesmanship would have secured this result. But the mania of the average Congressman nowa-

days is to keep himself before the public by some sensational device. If he cannot bring up some startling theory of finance, or make some distressing partisan move, he is apt to address himself to the costly and unsatisfactory task of investigation. There have been resolutions introduced, in the last few weeks, to investigate the workings of the Executive branch of the Government, and to see if there is a peg anywhere on which to hang charges that shall lead to a change, and, perhaps, to new appointments. There seems to be a kind of devout belief among Congressmen that to press such a resolution argues honesty and industry on the part of the mover, and will infallibly lead to honorable promotion. At any rate, it adds to individual importance, and keeps somebody in a flutter. Much of the same kidney are the various resolutions to inquire into the modes and results of Presidential elections, and otherwise to tinker with the much-abused Constitution of the United States. Looking from the tasks thus laid out in the past sixty days for future work, the quiet, industrious citizen gathers no great hope for his pocket or the public purse. Agitation seems to be the established rule of the hour.

There ought to be some way of letting the Senator and Representative of the period understand that the people do not like this way of transacting the business of the country. Men are not sent to Washington in order to tax their ingenuity by making a series of wild experiments, but to pass such laws and take such action as the exigencies of the case demand. What the country now needs is that her currency, her politics and her purse shall be let severely alone. The public finances, political parties, and even the revenues, will take good care of themselves, and will be all the better for an absence of intermeddling. If Congress, by the 4th of March, will undo all the mischief caused in its sixty days' session, and will do no more, its members will fairly earn the thanks of their constituents.

CHURCH DEBTS.

THE Church of the Holy Trinity, in this city, has been the latest scene of the efforts of Mr. Edward Kimball, the church-debt extinguisher. Mr. Kimball had previously been remarkably successful in clearing up ecclesiastical account-books, notably in the case of the Shepard Congregational Church in Cambridge, which was nearly crushed by an indebtedness of some \$75,000. His method of work is peculiar. He first says, for instance, "Let us see if ten men cannot be found who will subscribe \$3,000 each; I myself will be one of the ten." When such an amount is forthcoming, a similar procedure follows in smaller sums, until the extinguishment of the whole is effected. As a rule, the sums secured are payable only on condition that the whole be raised; and thus the few are assured that they need not bear the burdens of the many. There are several objections to be made against this novel method of reducing the indebtedness of religious organizations. In the first place, under the spur of the moment it is very easy for honest, but impulsive and over-generous, donors to pledge sums which they ought not to afford in these days, when prudence in every business transaction is a cardinal virtue. Then, too, Mr. Kimball is understood to be a poor man, and his personal pledges merely mean that he will raise the money somehow. Of course a church will be only too glad to repay \$10,000 if \$90,000 be thereby secured. Some have also urged that the system encourages the great evil of church debts by the very ease of their removal. But these debts were, for the most part, honestly incurred in a period of plenty, and we are sure the churches will not soon repeat their error. To them we may say, in the verdict of the backwoods jury, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

ART CULTURE FOR WOMEN.

IT is a gratifying symptom of the progress of the times that the art instinct is at present fairly awakened among American women. Everywhere they are heard from as students, teachers or professors of some branch of art. Thirty years ago, although women were admitted to the school of the National Academy of Design, comparatively few availed themselves of its privileges. Later, however, they began to feel the imperative need of a School of Art especially designed for women, and, after many consultations, devised the means of supplying the want. Through the efforts of Miss Mary Hamilton, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, Mrs. George Curtis, Miss Eliza Hosack, and other ladies, the "School of Design for Women" was established, and commenced its work in the year 1852 at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street. After several years of successful operation they moved into the building of the Cooper Union, then recently completed, and have remained there to the present day—seven

rooms being devoted to their use for ever." As women progressed from pupils to students, and from students to professional artists, they felt the need of still larger privileges than a School of Art could afford them; as for instance, increased facilities for study from the life, a central point of union and reference where lectures, discussions and readings on subjects pertaining to the advancement of art might be given. Mrs. Mary S. Pope and Mrs. Henry Peters Gray, both professional artists, became zealous workers in the cause, and in 1867 founded the present well-known "Ladies' Art Association." One of the immediate steps taken by this Society was the formation of a Life Class for its members—the first of its kind organized in this city. It held one session a week, during which none but art-students and artist-members of the society were present. Following in the wake of the "Ladies' Art Association," there sprung up another, now known as the "Art-Students' League," and composed of members from the School of the National Academy of Design and members of the "Ladies' Art Association," who, desiring to have daily opportunity for study from the life, resolved to club together and procure models and art-accessories for daily sessions. At the rooms of the "Art-Students' League," in Fifth Avenue, Evening Life, Day Life, Portrait, Sketch and Composition Classes are now furnishing advantages to women not procurable abroad. A test for capacity, drawing a full-length figure from cast or life, is required for admission to the Life Classes. Mrs. Julia Elder Baker and Miss Mary Monks were instrumental in organizing the League. In fact, all the practical Schools of Art in New York owe their establishment chiefly to the efforts of women. The Decorative Art Society of New York, the latest art organization, which is probably an outgrowth of the "Ladies' Art Association," has sprung almost at a bound into popular favor. This rapid rise is attributable more to the Loan Exhibition, now in progress, than to any work the Society could have possibly accomplished in so short a time. The Society has certainly done a great work in collecting the bewildering mass of rare and beautiful objects, which need only classification as to date, style, and so forth, to make them invaluable to the student of art as models for study of form and color and comparison. Whether this Society will hereafter found a successful School of Art, or remain as at present a sort of Art Commission House, remains for the future to develop. In the four practical Schools of Art in New York City, namely, the School of the National Academy of Design, the Cooper School of Design (for women), the Ladies' Art Association and the Art-Students' League, women now study and practice drawing and painting from the life; figure, portrait, landscape and flower painting; mechanical and ornamental drawing; engraving, ceramic decoration; modeling in clay and sculpture. The festival given by the Sorosis last week in honor of the foundation of Art Schools for women, in New York City, is significant of the fact that women are now working together with "a will and a way" for the advancement of their sex, and was a graceful act of courtesy extended by the Sisterhood of the Pen to the Sisterhood of the Pencil.

THE NEW YORK EXCISE LAW.

THE injustice that may be done under cover of the law has been well illustrated in the recent course taken by the authorities in the suppression of the liquor traffic in New York, by suddenly enforcing a law which had stood for years a dead letter on the statute-books. Without entering into the merits of the question, whether the sale of liquor should or should not be prohibited, it is worth while to inquire whether so spasmodic an execution of the law is dictated by wisdom. The character of the business or the reputation of its supporters can in no way affect the question, whether justice is subverted or retarded by so irregular a proceeding. That a law should be in existence for years, and its observance not enforced, is a blot upon the escutcheon of administrative justice; but that the law should now be sprung like a trap upon a large number of heretofore presumed law-abiding citizens, is to drag the robes of justice into shame. The failure of subsequent legislation to repeal a law more noted in the breach than in the observance, has left it a stumbling-block in the way of not only those whose business brings them within its provisions, but also those whose duty it is to see to the carrying into effect of its purposes. While it may be freely admitted that it is the duty of every person to know the law and obey it, it is even more the duty of public officers to be familiar with its principles and the proper way of enforcing their recognition. When, however, the latter fail to know their duty, or neglect to perform it, an excuse is not wanting for those who have acted upon the belief, that an official interpretation of the law is worthy of con-

fidence. If such officers establish a custom which conflicts with an existing statute, and by virtue of the authority invested in them compel compliance, the law, like an individual, should be bound by the acts of its agents, so as to protect the victims of such agents' incompetency or ignorance.

Though, technically, the Excise Law has been broken, the fact that the transgressors have complied with the statute, as interpreted by those in authority, and that so many have become the victims of misplaced confidence, is an argument in favor of the absence of all intent to evade the law, and should be taken into consideration in the treatment of the question. Another fact not to be overlooked is, that self-interest demanded a strict compliance with the law, and that, by itself, would have secured obedience to its demands had not a misapprehension as to its true meaning existed. Aside from the question of presumed innocence on the part of the offenders, it is well to consider the effect that this sudden execution of a long-neglected law will have upon the minds of the people generally. Will good result from so severe a method of dispensing justice? To all, unless a few fanatics and bigots, whose sense of justice is overridden by the one particular hobby they are astride of, the answer will present itself in the negative. Prosecution for evasion of law is one thing, while persecution under color of law is another and far different thing; the former will receive the sanction of every right-minded citizen, while the latter will awaken sympathy and excite resentment. The vindication of law is always to be desired, but never at the expense of justice. The sense of fairness, which, in no country more than this, appeals to the public mind, demands that, in the execution of the law, moderation and not severity should be displayed.

THE "HURON" VERDICT.

THE Naval Court of Inquiry in the *Huron* disaster has published its finding. Their conclusions are that the vessel was stanch and seaworthy; that Commander Ryan was primarily responsible for her loss, and that Lieutenant Palmer, the navigating officer, made errors in navigation; also that the deck officers, on the night of her loss, might have been at fault in not ascertaining the accuracy of the perpendicular soundings reported to them from time to time. They say the commanding officer of a vessel is its supreme authority, and that if any accident occurs by reason of his not having ascertained accurately the deflections of the compass from any influence of the ship itself, he must be held responsible for that want of care. The court finds that no other officer or man on the vessel was responsible for the disaster, but the imputation of inefficiency, as above stated, is alarmingly comprehensive. To allay the apprehensions, however, of those who might regard the verdict as pointing to a decay of seamanship in the United States Navy, the court finds, in conclusion, that no one of the survivors of the wreck has any complaint to make against any man or officer upon the vessel for want of hearty co-operation or loyal assistance in the midst of the perils which surrounded them, and that every man was cool, ready, willing, and brave, up to the last moment.

IS IT true that New York is gradually losing her supremacy as the commercial emporium of the country? Recent dissensions between the coffee-dealers of Cincinnati and New York have brought to light the fact that the tide of trade in that commodity is turning very rapidly to the South; at least one-half of the coffee purchased for the first-named market being now bought in Mobile and New Orleans. The dealers say they can buy more cheaply in the South, from the fact that those ports are nearer to Rio, and also that they there buy direct from the importers, saving the percentage formerly paid to New York jobbers. The St. Louis and Pittsburgh dealers are also buying largely in the South now. The fact that these three points annually buy over three hundred thousand bags of coffee makes this a matter of considerable interest to the dealers of the South.

TASTE IN AMERICAN HOMES.

ENGLISH homes have become a synonym for hearty household comfort the world over, and have in turn, by the very excellence of this result, become powerful factors in the history of civilization.

The patriarchal family, the clan, the feudal family, are discussed by Guizot in his history, and the influence on civilization demonstrated of the feudal family, wherein woman became elevated to a higher position of regard in the family arrangement. But in the English family, and in general modern family life, woman is still further advanced, and an entire kingdom is bestowed upon her in the domestic economy. Taine distinguishes the family

on English soil and on the French, and reminds us of another element of strength in the English home traditions. The strict marital devotedness of the Germanic tribes described by Tacitus, among whom an unfaithful wife was expected to kill herself or to be slain by the knives of her companions, has not failed to impress itself upon the character of their descendants, and with bravery and gloom and the love of slaughter, is mixed devotion and tenderness towards the family. Madame de Staël finds the same devotion in the German character, and Taine only concurs with her in contradicting the French social economy as seeking, on the other hand, honor and entertainment rather. Just as conversation is used for different purposes by the two nations, German and French—by the one to reason and instruct no matter at what cost of endurance and tellum; by the French, as an art to charm, as a means of high pleasures, regardless of the advancement of a theory or the application of a moral.

As the household is presented with such different national ideas, it must be that household art must, if true art, be equally diverse. It is useless, in these days of raging for style in decorative household art, to hope to attain any valuable lasting results except in the way all true results are attained, not by imitating nor by following a rabble, refined or otherwise, but by development of what is always within the feeling heart. It is useless to try to disguise ourselves by paint, language, deportment, pictures, or furniture. And when the attempt is made at pretense in the household, the pretender is the one cheated as in other cases of pretense. He assumes that he cannot be very much deceived in buying, for instance, pictures that are very old and very rare, although he may feel not the slightest admiration or appreciation for any picture. If the picture can be got very cheap of an ignorant peddler, all the greater and more genuine the satisfaction. But, alas! as is said by Loftie, in his "Art in the House," "there is, perhaps, no branch of trade, not even excepting horse-dealing, in which there is more deceit and chicanery than in picture-dealing. . . . If a master comes to the front, is written up by Mr. Ruskin, or is brought into fashion from any other reason, his works suddenly find their way into the market from all sorts of unexpected places. . . . If you go in for old masters, therefore, you lay yourself out for a prey to the designing, and, unless you are really an excellent judge of art, you will be taken in over and over again." There is, you see, no refuge but honesty and the possession of feeling. It is so with furniture. Gilding and satin covering, and chair-backs so slender as not to support one in a comfortable position, may serve a pretender. But the heart is as much concerned with the furniture as with the paintings. To some the olden furniture was counted vulgar, though comfortable, until the fashion for the old was inaugurated, when immediately the pretender adopts all that is old, no matter how uncomfortable.

To one who has an eye the beautiful needs no explanation. To one possessed of taste the commonest materials serve for adornment. It is seen in the costume, in the corners of the house, in the arrangement of a bed. For one within the house there need be no technical instruction. Where there is honesty and feeling in the arrangement of trifles, the disposition of colors, the addition of small things that are agreeable, the removal of slight things that are hurtful, the manifest elevation of the true and the honest over that which is simply an advertisement and a pretense. If one has no eye for the beautiful, nor heart for the good, he will still be an Ishmaelite, though he live in a palace.

ARMY REORGANIZATION.

THE subject of reorganizing our army has been frequently discussed in these columns, and some of our recommendations are apparently receiving consideration in official circles. The House Committee on Military Affairs has addressed a circular letter to about a hundred officers of the army, representing all branches of the service, asking for their official opinions as to the various forms of consolidating staff corps and regiments. A sharp reduction of the army is still contemplated by the Democrats of the House, though the developments of the extra session prove that the majority will not be able to carry through any bill which contains a provision for reducing the army below its present standard. The present circular has to do more particularly with the general subject of consolidating the Quartermaster, Commissary, and Pay Departments, and the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The combination of the Quartermaster's and Commissary offices it is thought can be effected at the present session. It is believed that the Pay Department will only be disturbed by a reduction, and that no consolidation of it with the other corps will be attempted now.

OSMAN PASHA did not, it appears, commit suicide, after all, through chagrin at his defeat at Plevna, but is said to be yet living, though badly wounded. His Russian captors treated him with distinguished consideration. How his own Government will treat him, in his disfigurement, remains to be seen.

OUR Consul in Bremen reports that almost every article of American manufacture or growth which can be profitably introduced into Germany has already found its way there; but he thinks our manufacturers could make a larger market for their wares if they would exercise a little more tact in endeavoring to conciliate German peculiarities of taste, instead of attempting to revolutionize them.

THE apprehensions we expressed last week with regard to the dangerous proximity of Sitting Bull's new home were apparently speedily realized. A Montana report states that the Sioux chieftain crossed the border from Canada on December 16th, at the head of a large band of Sioux and Nez Percés. One white settler was said to have been massacred, and the northern prairies were in a blaze.

THE voice of the dairyman is heard through the land. Conventions of cheese and butter producers were held last week in Syracuse and Chicago, and others are soon forthcoming in Cleveland, Ohio, and Meadville, Pa., and other localities. The aggregate dairy interest of the United States, though yet in its infancy, amounts to over six hundred million dollars annually, and yet its commercial importance has only of late begun to be appreciated.

A PROPOSITION is to be introduced in Congress, after the holidays, for the establishment of a tax upon incomes. The proposed object of the scheme is to equalize the general burden of taxation in favor of the Northwestern and the Southern Middle States, which, it is claimed, bears with undue weight upon those sections. An abatement will be recommended of the internal revenue tax, in order to transfer the load to the recipients of large incomes.

THE unsettled financial condition of the country, arising from the uncertainty of the action of Congress, is bearing its legitimate fruit in its effect upon our credit in foreign countries. The alarm in England occasioned by the threatened legislation in regard to silver has entirely prostrated the business of funding United States six percent bonds in four per cent bonds, and a feeling of great depression and distrust prevails among those who have invested in our securities abroad.

WE are likely to witness before long the novel spectacle of Indian representation in Congress. Certain treaties entered into in 1866 with the semi-civilized Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes, in the Indian Territory, authorized their being so represented whenever provision should be made by law, and a Bill to that effect has been favorably reported by a Congressional Committee to which it had been referred. The five tribes referred to number about 60,000 persons, of whom nearly one-sixth are white citizens who have married Indian women and emancipated slaves.

A SESSION of the British Parliament has been called for in January, about a month earlier than usual for that body to convene. The object of this premature session is understood to be to take legislative action on the subject of Russian success in Turkey. Lord Beaconsfield, however, has already learned that fully half the English people are opposed to his anti-Russian feelings, and the vigorous foreign policy which he had projected is not likely to be carried into effect. The Eastern problem may yet be settled without the interference of Great Britain, in which case the Indian Empire will be felt as more of a "white elephant" on her hands than ever.

THE recent wordy encounter between Senators Gordon and Conkling recalls the circumstances which gave rise to the last actual duel that was fought on the strength of words spoken in debate in the United States Senate. It occurred in 1826, during the Presidency of John Quincy Adams. Henry Clay, Secretary of State, challenged John Randolph, Senator from Virginia, for an alleged attack upon his private and public character in a speech criticizing the Administration. Mr. Randolph accepted the challenge, but protested against the right of any Minister of the Executive Department to hold a Senator responsible for words spoken in debate. He announced to his friends that he should not fire at his antagonist, and he kept his word, notwithstanding that Mr. Clay fired two shots at

him, spoiling his overcoat in his effort to reach a vital point. Mr. Clay never fully recovered the prestige he had enjoyed previous to this foolish episode, and he testified to his own realization of its folly when, ten years later, he prevented an encounter between Poindexter and Forsyth. The day for the toleration of dueling has passed, and it is creditable to Senator Gordon's good sense that, having made a blunder, he permitted his friends to avert its logical consequences.

WAR TIMES IN THE ORIENT.

A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF THE OTTOMAN CAPITAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE, DECEMBER 1ST, 1877.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The Bosphorus, of course, is rich in historical interest through its whole length, but especially so in the vicinity of Robert College, where it is the narrowest. Here Darius crossed upon his bridge of boats, and upon a rock at the foot of the hill stood the marble throne upon which he sat and reviewed his mighty host. This throne was to be seen until the invasion of the Greek Empire by the Turks. Here they also crossed in 1452, and built two massive towers and a fortification, which are at the present time in an almost perfect state of preservation. A few days ago we visited Scutari, the portion of Constantinople situated upon the eastern side of the Bosphorus, in Asia. We saw nothing of especial interest except a Turkish school, in which the scholars were at study. As all the children were reading the Koran aloud and at the very top of their voices, it sounded like a little pandemonium. With a slight knowledge of this scientific work their education is regarded as complete.

I have been trying to obtain a permit to visit the libraries in Constantinople, in some of which I expect to find hidden treasures. I think some of the lost classics will be found in these libraries. But nothing can be done without an order from the Sultan, and to obtain that I shall probably have to wait three or four months.

Until lately the Turks had out-generated and out-fought the Russians. One cannot but conclude, after having seen and studied the characters of the contestants, that it is a sort of dog eat dog contest. And all the Greeks with whom I have conversed, both at Athens and in Constantinople, realize that they would only pass out from under the despotic but at least uncertain rule of the Mohammedans into that of the Russians, equally despotic, and whose yoke when once laid over them they never would be able to throw off. Mehemet Ali, formerly commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, has been recalled and sent into Montenegro to command the bushwhackers, and Suleiman Pasha, the former commander in Asia, has taken his place. This is virtually being sent into exile, and the rumor is prevalent here that in consequence of such disgrace (which is regarded as another intrigue of the Harem), he has deserted and gone over to the Russians. If this be true, it will be a severe blow to the Turks, as Mehemet Ali is necessarily acquainted with all their plans for the future. It is said that Russia has offered Serbia 4,000,000 roubles if she will at once break her treaty with Turkey and declare war. To such straits is that colossal Power driven by a nation without capital, without resources, and consisting for the most part of races whose religious sympathies are inimical to them, and who are only waiting for an opportunity to revolt.

I don't blame the Turks for mistrusting all Europeans. They, of course, regard their own religion as the best of all. They fear the time is approaching when their empire west of the Bosphorus is to be overthrown. The tradition has been handed down from generation to generation that the first Sultan who placed his feet upon the shores of Europe landed with only a hundred followers, and they say that when they are driven into Asia again, if that time ever comes, there will be only a hundred of them left to recross the Bosphorus. And I really believe that such will almost literally be the case, for the Turks during the past six hundred years have shown themselves to be warriors without a superior. The common soldiers will fight as long as they can obtain a crust of bread and without complaining.

A few days ago, while returning from Pera, where I had been to call upon the family of the American Minister, and as I was crossing the Golden Horn Bridge, several carriages, containing the Turkish Ministers of State, together with a retinue of soldiers, passed. They had been at a Cabinet meeting, called in consequence of the explosion of the great Turkish powder and ammunition magazine, which occurred at Macrikeni, a place about fifteen miles distant. The whole country for miles around was shaken by the explosion. This will be a great loss to the Government, as all the cartridges received from abroad are blank shells, and the necessary powder is manufactured here. There were thousands of pounds of ammunition stored here. The magazines were four in number and were worked by Jews and Armenians. It is said there were four hundred lives lost. All the new machinery will have to be obtained from England.

The climate of Constantinople is not so warm in Summer as that of New York, nor as cold in Winter. But the south winds here, if they continue any length of time, are very oppressive. Neither is the air so exhilarating as that of America. The manners and customs of the Turks are altogether different from those in America. Here, men go about with bare arms and necks—there the ladies. Here all women wear trousers and ride horse-back (or rather donkey-back) a-straddle, while many men are here seen in petticoats. The American lies in bed with his feet covered and head bare, but the Turk cannot sleep without bundling up his head, and also drawing over it the bed-spread, and at the same time leaving his naked feet entirely exposed. A few days ago I went into a palace which is owned by the Sultan. I found that the walls were of the simplest character throughout, while all the ceilings were gorgeously painted. With Americans it is usually the reverse. New Yorkers wash their hands before dinner (or at least ought to), the Turks wash after the meal. Among Americans the males and females of the family dine together and at the same table. Here they always dine apart, the males before the females; for the latter, being looked upon as an altogether inferior order of

beings, any unnecessary close contact would be considered highly degrading to their manliness. The Turk, however, possesses one grand redeeming quality which almost counterbalances all his other faults. He is scrupulously clean, washing himself, particularly his feet, several times a day.

Almost all the labor of a manual character is here done by donkeys. These patient little animals, sometimes no larger than a sheep, are the hod-carriers, stone and wood-carriers, fruit-carriers, etc. In fact, they and the Christians do all the dirty work of the empire. A short time ago, while at Halki, one of the small islands in the Sea of Marmora, which together form the Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch of the wealthy Constantinopolitans, I rode around it, semi-mounted upon the back of one of these little creatures. Several times my misgivings were so great that I was seriously inclined to get off of him. He was so small that I had to draw up my feet to keep them from dragging on the ground. But he took me safely around, and we parted the best of friends, for I gave him a fig, of which donkeys are very fond. He had a soft, low voice, which, by-the-way, is an excellent thing in a donkey.

C. S. TRUAX.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MR. HOYT, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has entered regularly upon his duties.

IN the Georgia elections the Independents have been elected over the Bourbons in all except two cases.

J. H. DUNCAN, absconding President of the Pioneer Bank of San Francisco, has been arrested at Coldwater, Mich.

DURING the week ending Saturday, December 22d, the price of gold in New York City ranged from 102½ to 102¾ and 103.

IT has been asserted that the feud of twenty years' standing between Senators Baine and Conkling has been amicably arranged.

RECEIVER BEST believes that he will be able to pay a dividend of fifty per cent, to the creditors of the National Trust Company very soon.

PRESIDENT HAYES will submit a special message on Civil Service Reform to both branches of Congress, upon their reassembling.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was seventy years of age on December 17th, and the occasion was celebrated by his friends in Boston with a banquet.

THE Springfield (Ill.) Savings Bank failed on the 18th of December, and the Cosmopolitan Savings and Exchange Bank of San Francisco on the 19th.

THE Commissioners of Accounts have charged excessive estimates upon the Board of Education of New York, amounting in seven years to \$4,675,892.27.

IT is thought the Committee on Indian Affairs will report favorably upon the Bill permitting the civilized tribes of the Indian Territory to elect a delegate to Congress.

THE Rev. George Fox Seymour, D.D., Dean of the General Theological Seminary of New York, has been elected Bishop of the newly created Episcopal Diocese of Springfield, Ind.

WALTER F. BARTLETT, the receiver of taxes for the City of Trenton, N. J., who embezzled about \$35,000, has been surrendered by his bondsmen and committed to the county jail.

THE sum of \$444,982.13, received from Peter B. Sweeney and E. A. Woodward, in settlement of suits brought by the City of New York against them, has been paid into the City Treasury.

BOTH branches of Congress adjourned December 15th, to January 10th next, after a paper relating to the dispute between Senators Gordon and Conkling had been presented by a committee of their friends, in Executive session.

A WRIT of replevin has been issued from the United States Court, in Florida, to recover 900,000 feet of sawed lumber, and 4,000 pine-logs, cut from public lands. Government agents have seized logs and lumber, unlawfully cut, worth \$334,000.

MAYOR ELY preferred charges against the Police Commissioners of New York City on December 18th, and in answer to his notice, all except General Smith, the President, who is in Europe, appeared at his office, to show cause why they should not be removed, and an examination was begun.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made that the war-vessel Supply will sail from New York February 1st, with freight for the Paris Exhibition, the Constitution fifteen days later, and the Wyoming on March 15th. Commissioner-General McCormick proposes to start March 1st. The vessels have a combined capacity for freight of 2,250 tons.

A MYSTERIOUS explosion occurred in the Greenfield candy manufactory, No. 63 Barclay Street, New York, on the afternoon of December 20th, and was immediately followed by a conflagration which destroyed and damaged several buildings. At our last reports ten persons are known to have been killed, twenty-six persons remained under treatment in various hospitals, ten others, wounded, had recovered sufficiently to be sent to their homes, and twenty-eight were reported at police stations by their families as being still missing.

Foreign.

THE Greek Cabinet, in a special council, has determined to adhere to a peace policy.

IN consequence of the resignation of the Italian Minister, the King has charged Signor Depretis with the duty of forming a new Cabinet.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted the direct taxes, and authorized a credit of \$105,900,000 to meet current expenses.

THE Duke of Manchester, head of the House of Montague and fifty-four years old, has been announced the successor of Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada.

MEXICAN troops are said to be massing along the Rio Grande. They represent the cavalry, infantry and artillery branches, are well officered and armed with improved guns. Major Jones, commander of the Texas State forces, asserts emphatically that 150 of the mob which made the attack at El Paso were Mexican citizens from the Mexican side.

GERMANY and Austria have refused to act as mediators between Russia and Turkey, at the request of the latter. Several special meetings of the British Cabinet have been held, and it was decided to call Parliament together on January 17th, three weeks earlier than the usual time. Popular sentiment throughout England is in a most chaotic state.

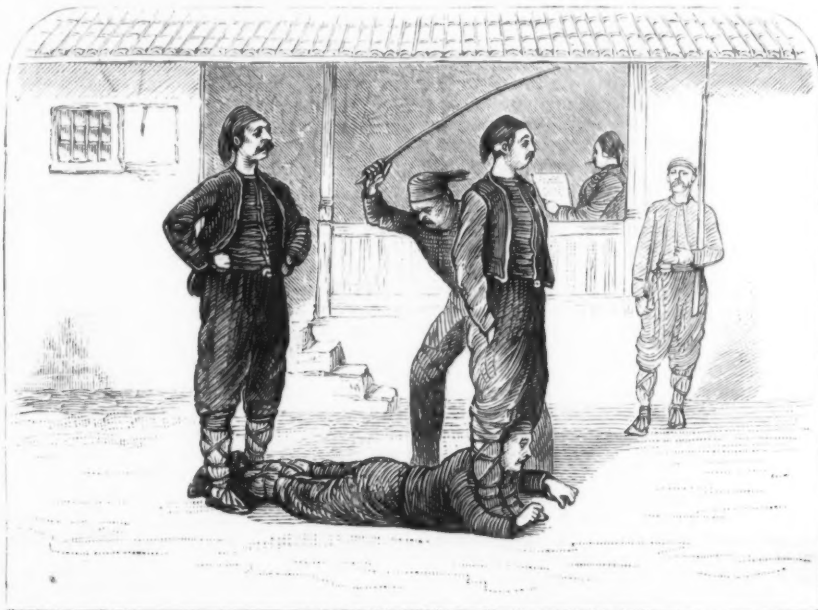
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 307.



ARMENIA.—THE ASSAULT OF THE RUSSIANS ON THE FORTRESS OF KARS, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 17TH.



BRITISH BURMAH.—A NATIVE PONY RACE AT JOUNGHOO.



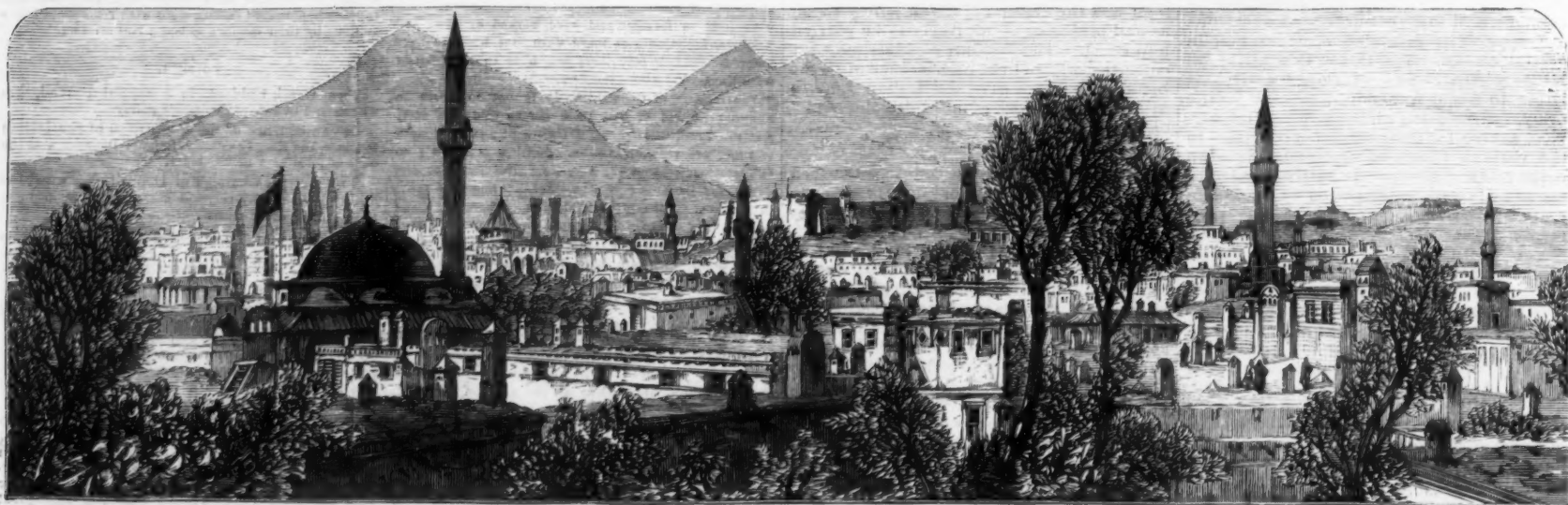
BULGARIA.—PUNISHING A REFRACTORY TURKISH SOLDIER.



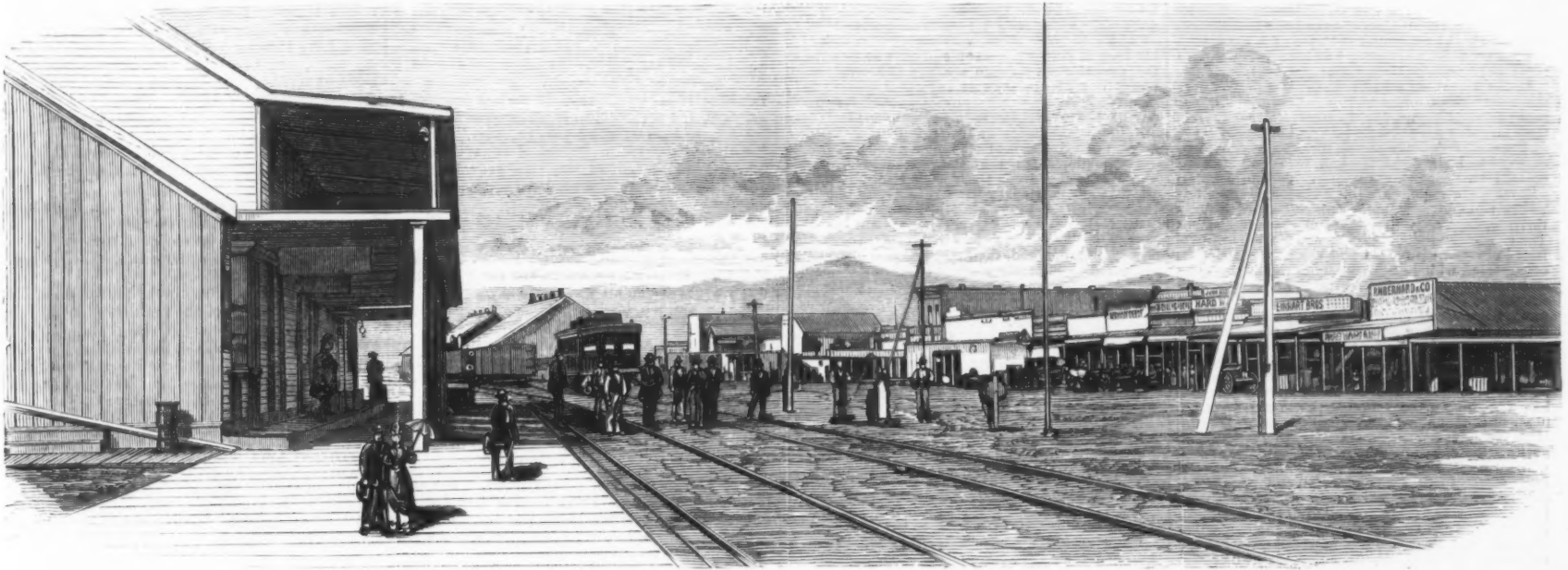
BULGARIA.—PUNISHING A TURKISH SOLDIER FOR THEFT.



BULGARIA.—A RUSSIAN OFFICER, AT PLEVNA, FIRING A FALCONET.



ARMENIA.—THE FORTRESS OF ERZEROU, LOOKING WEST FROM THE BRITISH CONSULATE.



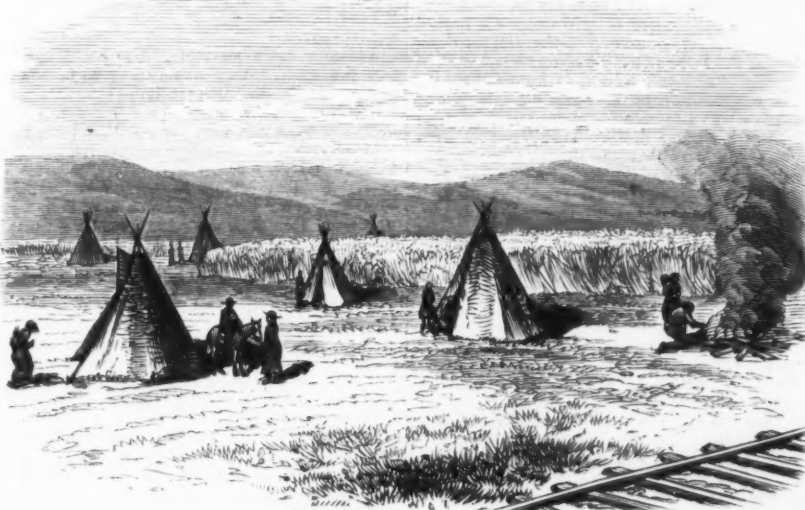
THE TOWN OF ELKO, NEVADA, ON THE HUMBOLDT DESERT.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

THROUGH THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT" TO THE PALISADES OF THE HUMBOLDT.

LEAVING Wells, our midnight and moonlit ride crosses the dreary alkali plain, past Tulasko, Bishop's, Deeth, Halleck, Peko and Osino—which melodious names pertain to as many little telegraph-stations dotted along the route—and brings us by seven o'clock of a sharp, cold morning to the breakfast-station of Elko. Before arriving at this oasis, the wakeful eyes at the curtained section windows have discovered a new feature in the landscape, in the shape of certain dark cones sprinkled over the divides among the sage-brush, around which small, moving figures may be seen, all tending rapidly towards our train. With this preparation we are not surprised at being saluted with a shriek of "Indians!" from the young lady on the platform; and as the cars "slow-up" before the long station, the artists dive out, sketch-books in hand, and the rest of us follow more leisurely, to inspect these denizens of the desert. A crowd of them have come down from the dirty, smoke-blackened teepees on the bluff, and are pressing around the steps of the cars—women and children all of them, and all as dirty as their lodges. It is not for their picturesqueness certainly that we study them; there is none of the



INDIAN LODGES NEAR CARLIN, ON THE C. P. R. R.

traditional feather and quill and beadwork, no plaited locks and braceleted and moccasined limbs, and no pretty, or even comely, faces. There is one old, dried-up, withered, hideous squaw, who looks at least a hundred years old, an animated bundle of filthy calico, with a few matted gray locks blowing out from the ragged handkerchief around her head, and with a torn blanket wrapped about her shoulders. There are five or six stout, heavy women, anywhere from twenty to thirty, also covered with calico gowns, from which all vestige of color or pattern has departed, with faded, dirty blankets and handkerchief-hooded heads—hard-faced, repulsive-looking creatures, each with a thick, shaggy mane of jet-black hair hanging on her shoulders, and her papoose-basket and its mute, mummified little burden strapped on her back; and there are children of all sizes scampering after them—girls, gowned and blanketed and hooded like their mothers, and boys in calico leggings and blankets, some bareheaded and some with nondescript caps and hats. All of them, parents and children, unite in a guttural cry of "Muc-muc-ca," and "Hungry!" and hold up their grimy hands for donations, as the train stops and the passengers descend. Crackers, stale cake, cheese, broken meats from ravaged luncheon-baskets—anything that can be eaten—is grabbed in ungrateful haste, and bundled up in the filthy blankets; and then the cry changes to, "Money! money!" and all the grimy hands go up again, and on the grimy faces there is not a shadow of eagerness in the asking, or of disappointment at a refusal—nothing but sullen, fierce stolidity. Only the old



THE PALISADES OF THE HUMBOLDT, NEAR PALISADE STATION, C. P. R. R.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THROUGH THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT" TO THE PALISADES OF THE HUMBOLDT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

squaw stands mutely in the background, hustled aside by the younger and more vigorous, and we single her out for an alma of cake and silver money, over which she closes her skeleton of a hand, with a positive smile puckering her face into wrinkles more multitudinous than ever.

In the meantime a brisk traffic is going on over the unconscious forms of the papooses, their parents refusing to lift the swaddlings of calico from their faces for any inducement short of "two bits"; and, as every woman on the train is crowding and crying out for a sight of them, the small coin circulated with amazing rapidity. The little unfortunate in question are of all ages, from a few weeks to eighteen months—all fat and dreadfully thriving, dirty as young pigs, and absolutely silent. Their so-called "baskets" consist of an oval board covered with stretched skins, in some cases ornamented with beadwork, upon which the child is bound by two flaps of skin laced across with raw hide; arms and legs alike imprisoned, and nothing but a round black head and a stolid face visible over the dirty bundle. Nor is this visible for more than a minute at a time, for—at least in the presence of the pale-faces—the poor little wretches are made yet more miserable by a calico rag twisted round their heads, and carefully secured lest a glimpse should be caught of the prize beneath. It is not a little amusing to watch the strategic movements of our artists, who are bent on getting sketches of a papoose without money and without price, and who dodge and hover about the ragged group with a constancy worthy of a better cause. The squaws, catching sight of a sketch-book, however, scatter suddenly, and fly in all directions; only two or three, torn by conflicting passions, and unable, even in their terror of the white man's "medicine," to forego the joys of begging, stand their ground and undertake to dodge the artists, shrilly vituperating them the while and mingling the torrent of fluent Shoshone abuse with such broken English as, "No good! no good!" and other less moderate ejaculations.

The town of Elko is a considerable one, as towns go on the Humboldt Desert, and the bright, white-painted hotel and the two or three neat stores and station-buildings have a thriving and busy look in the cheerful, early sunlight. The platform swarms with passengers from the cars, with stalwart, bushy-bearded, long-booted natives, with big hunting dogs sniffing at the traveler's heels as they lope along after their masters, and with the clamorous representatives of the Shoshone nation. A few men—supposedly "braves"—come straggling on the scene, deplorably ridiculous in civilized cloth pants, calico shirts, and long, narrow blankets drawn up around their necks like an old woman's shawl, and with stiff-crowned, straight-brimmed black hats, tied by a string under their chins. One aged chief, with the thinnest legs possible to walking humanity, has a scarlet-striped blanket, and has stuck a tall, limp turkey-feather in his hat; his long black hair is divided and plaited into two thin tails, which are loosely tied under his chin, and his countenance strongly and painfully resembles that of a withered monkey. He begs a little tobacco—or, rather, he begs, demands it as his due; and as he is the only "brave" who solicits alms in person, the others delegating their squaws to the ignoble task, we reward him with a liberal supply.

According to the guide-books, Elko has a future as a watering-place, boasting of six hot and cold mineral springs, one of which is agreeably known as the "Chicken Soup Spring," and requires only pepper and salt and a willing imagination to make it a perpetual free soup-kitchen to the hungry tourist. A bath-house is already erected near these healing founts, and a large hotel is to follow, which, it is confidently expected, will bring fashion and civilization by the carload into Elko. There are also many large mining districts tributary to this little town, and connecting with it by daily stage-routes, so that from many quarters it has its influx from the outer world.

Leaving Elko, we roll away over the hot, bare desert, shimmering in the shadeless sunlight; past the low sandy ranges of bluffs, past the sage-brush and white alkali, past the scattered Indian teepees, with their ragged, blackened skins fluttering in the lazy winds, with glimpses of shadowy mountains here and there, the high peaks of the Rocky range peering above the tawny horizon; through a narrow cañon whose walls are naked brown ledges, that look like mere wind-blown drifts of dry sand, but which are solid earth and rock, water-worn into the fantastic, familiar shapes of turrets and spires and needles—over some shallow, thirsty little creeks, gone astray on the great dry desert—and so at last into Carlin.

Carlin is a brisk little railroad town, five hundred and eighty-five miles from San Francisco, and here is the beginning of the end, in the shape of an inquisitorial man who boards our train with paper and pencil to get the names of passengers bound for the Golden Gate, and telegraph them straightway across the Sierras. Indians swarm here as at Elko; the same clamorous, blanketed women, and the same early, silent, blanketed men, their faces flaming with scarlet paint and shining as with an artificial polish. These interesting children of the Great Father are allowed free transport on the platforms of the Central Pacific trains, and are extremely fond of taking airy trips from one station to another: so it is by no means unusual to see a little group of them huddled on the steps, steaming over the desert which they once scoured on their war-poles, lording it, so far as they knew, over the whole face of nature. It would be worth something to catch a glimpse of the mental process going on in one of these shaggy, grotesque heads as they stare incuriously upon the white man and his inventions! But they tell no secrets—every face is impassive as Death itself, and has as little play of emotion in its swarthy lines.

We are nearing Twelve-mile Cañon, or, as it is also called, the Palisades of the Humboldt, and from the billowy, ocean-like level of the desert, pass into a narrow winding gorge between long lines of steep, bare mountain walls—walls that seem rising and sinking, broken here into sharp, serrated ledges, stretching away there in a sweep of vertical rock, and yonder crumbling away in great yawning caverns and hollow, black niches, piled high with the ashens debris of their ruin. For twelve miles we wind and curve, with many sharp swings and unsteady jerks, between these grim Palisades, the Humboldt River creeping below us at the foot of the terrace-like bluff along which the road is graded, and above us the gray old rocks, colorless even in this hot blaze of sunshine, which finds not a green leaf or a tender grass blade to caress—only a huge chaos of naked stone, climbing towards the blue source of the sunshine.

Through this cañon—untraveled even by a horseman before the rails of the Central Pacific Road were laid—we pass to the little town of Palisades, the tiniest of settlements, lodged between towering gray walls that must cast a shadow over it even at noonday. A very short distance below this incipient city—whereof we catch only a glimpse en passant—there is another nucleus of human life: a Shoshone village, that is to say, a cluster of blackened and tattered teepees, around which lounge a few idle figures, quite as aimless as the brutes, and far

dirtier than any respectable quadruped with which we are acquainted. These are "civilized Indians"—peaceable wards who live on their reservations, or at any rate near them, with no greater object in life than to beg, steal, sleep and eat; and, so far as the casual observer can see, not the slightest attempt is made to suggest any other aims to their minds.

Where are the Peace Commissioners? Where are the missionaries and the Indian schools, to teach the mysteries of cleanliness and decent living and honest labor to the peaceable Shoshones and Putes of Nevada? Or is it really true, after all, that the missionary work is labor wasted—that Ephraim is joined to his idols, even for life and death?—in other words, that the savage will be a savage, at once fiercer and meaner, more desperate and more degraded, than the beasts of the forest, to the very end of the chapter?

A GILDED SIN.

By the Author of "DORA THORNE," "WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM TO SLEIGHT," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT could you mean, Clara?" said Veronica, when some ten minutes afterwards she returned to her room. "Lady Brandon was not even asleep, and she says that you have never even touched the door."

"Is it all right, miss?" asked the girl, as though she were in a state of breathless suspense. "Right? Yes. Lady Brandon never even heard you," said Veronica.

Clara answered that her ladyship must have been asleep, but did not like to say so.

Veronica noticed that the girl's face was flushed and her manner strange; but she did not think much of it at the time. Presently Clara quitted the room, after saying a great deal more about the fright and relating an anecdote of a lady who she knew who had been found dead of grief soon after her husband's death. Then Veronica wondered just a little that she should talk so much. As a rule the girl was respectful and docile. Left alone again, Veronica would not think of what she had done; that was all forgotten—all past. She was Veronica di Cyntha—had never been anything else. She looked into the smoldering fire—the last vestige of the parchment had disappeared. The papers she had kept; they could not hurt, and she felt that she would like to look at them from time to time. She went back to Lady Brandon's room, and clasped her arms around her.

"I have burned it," she said—"it is all destroyed; and I have come to mention it for the last time—to tell you that you may trust me as you would yourself."

Lady Brandon fell weeping on to her neck, telling her that she was blessed, thrice blessed, for that she had saved herself and her child from what was far worse than the bitterness even of death.

"You may trust your future to me, Veronica," said Lady Brandon. "I have two thousand a year of my own, and I will settle the half of it on you."

So the matter was never mentioned again by Veronica or her father's widow. The next day they buried him, and his place knew him no more. All England mourned for the dead statesman, and never weariest of praising him, while the mantle of his greatness fell upon Lord Wynleigh.

A year had passed since the death of Sir Jasper. Lady Brandon had spent it at Queen's Chace. Some had advised her to go away, to take her daughter abroad; but the Chace seemed to have an attraction for her. When the year that she had given to seclusion had passed, their first visitor was Lord Wynleigh. They were delighted to see him; it was such a bright, cheerful change. Lord Wynleigh was growing anxious now about the time of his probation. He made Veronica his confidant.

"I know that I can trust you," he said, "because you love Kate so dearly. I have worked hard this last year and a half. I have made a position. I have laid the foundation of future fame and fortune. I grant that I have made no money; but that does not matter—Kate and I understand each other so well. She knows that if she had not one shilling in the world I should love her just the same—more, if possible; but we should have to wait for years. As it is, I do not see why we should not be married at Christmas. Do you, Veronica?"

How she thanked heaven in her heart that she had done as she had—that she had sacrificed herself! If she had kept her inheritance, then Katherine could not have been married. Lord Wynleigh wondered at the light that came into the girl's beautiful face. How little Veronica dreamed at that moment of all that would come to pass before Christmas-time!

There had not been the least difficulty in the settlement of Sir Jasper's affairs; the will that he had made when Katherine Brandon was an infant was still in the hands of the family solicitor—everything was perfectly straightforward. Lady Brandon explained that she understood Miss di Cyntha's affairs, and should continue to act as her guardian. She had loyally kept her word, and had settled one thousand a year upon Veronica. She showed her gratitude to her in a hundred other ways; she was most kind to her; but the one subject was never mentioned between them again.

Sir Jasper's fair-haired daughter had become Baroness of Hurstwood; she was called Lady Katherine at home and the bright days passed with naught save pleasant hours.

One beautiful August evening, when the red glow of the Western sunset filled the sky, Veronica stood under the shade of the tall lime-trees, watching the evening light. A happiness had come to her, so great, so sudden, so entrancing, that she was dazed by it, bewildered. For Sir Marc Caryll had asked her to become his wife. She did not know until then all that slept in her heart—the love, the passion, the tenderness—and the waking had startled her. She was lost in

wonder at herself. The crown and the glory of her womanhood had come to her. She rejoiced in the new and perfect happiness; she opened her whole heart to it. It was such chivalrous wooing, and he loved her dearly. No one could ever have been so dearly loved before. She stood there thinking of it, with a smile of perfect content on her face, and as she did so Marc came to her.

"I have been watching you, Veronica," he said, "until I have grown jealous of the sky and the foliage, and everything else that your beautiful eyes have rested on. What have you been thinking of?"

"Of nothing in the wide world but you," she replied.

"Of me, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, joyfully; and then he told her what he had come to ask—when would she be his wife?

"You are too kind ever to be cruel, darling," he said, looking at the beautiful flushed face. "I told you long ago how lonely my home is. I want 'the angel in the house'—I want you there. You cannot tell how dreary it all seems to me. Veronica, when will you come to me?"

"Not yet," she replied, shyly—"it cannot be yet."

"Why not?" he asked.

"You have only just found out that you love me."

"Nay, Veronica," he said, smiling, "I found that out long since. I was coming last July to tell you so, but poor Sir Jasper had just died."

She turned her face away lest he should see the quiver of pain on it.

"Sir Marc," she said, gently, "you have never asked me any questions about my family or my home in Venice, or my fortune."

"Lady Brandon has explained," he replied. "Your father was a great friend of Sir Jasper's, she tells me."

Veronica made no reply. She could not tell him the truth, but she would speak no false word to him—never one. He continued:

"I care nothing about your fortune, sweetheart. I am a rich man—so rich that I am troubled at times to know how to spend my money. I lay it all at your feet. You are mistress of everything that belongs to me. When will you come to me, my Veronica? You have nothing to wait for. Do not be unkind and send me away."

She made no answer. In her heart she wished to be with him, but the very consciousness of it prevented her from speaking.

"This is July," he said; "shall we say September, Veronica?"

She agreed, and Sir Marc was so determined to keep her to her word that he went at once in search of Lady Brandon and told her. He brought her back with him to where Veronica still stood under the limes.

"I leave my interests in your hands, Lady Brandon," he said. "I shall return, with your permission, to marry Veronica on the 20th of September. You will promise that she shall be ready?"

Lady Brandon promised.

"I do not think that I can live away from her altogether until then, Lady Brandon. Will you invite me to come down in August?"

"Come whenever you will, Sir Marc," said Lady Brandon.

He pressed the hand of his love.

"I have bound you, sweetheart," he said—"you can never free yourself again."

And, looking at his handsome face, his eyes lit with love, she said to herself that separation from him would be death.

CHAPTER IX.

AUGUST had come with its ripe, rich beauty; the fruit hung in the orchards, the gardens were a blaze of color, the barley and the corn were ready for the reapers. Sir Marc had come down again to the Chace.

Those who had seen Veronica when she first reached England would scarcely have recognized her had they seen her now. The beautiful face had changed so completely; the pale, passionate loveliness had deepened into something more lovely still; there was more color, more brightness; the dark, lustrous eyes had in them the radiance of full and perfect content. Love had beautified her, even as it had beautified her life.

On this August morning she was in her pretty boudoir alone—alone, for Sir Marc had gone in search of something to please her. He lived only to make her happy. She stood in the midst of a hundred beautiful things. Lady Brandon had determined to present her with her trousseau, and a large chest had arrived that morning from Paris. Veronica looked at her magnificent gift. It did not strike her as it would have done another time. She could only think of her happiness and her love. She was smiling to herself, wondering whether a girl was ever so blessed, so happy, when some one rapped gently at her door. She looked up in surprise when her maid Clara Morton entered the room.

"I want to speak to you, Miss di Cyntha, if you can spare time," she said.

Veronica made some courteous answer, and felt even more surprised when the girl closed the door and fastened the lock. The large, long window that led to the terrace was open—neither of them thought of that.

"Why do you do that, Morton?" asked Veronica. "Because I have that to say to you which must be said without interruption."

Veronica looked up with haughty displeasure.

"You behave very strangely," she said; "I do not like it." She looked fixedly at the girl, whose face was not pleasant to see—there was a livid light in her eyes, an air of cringing, yet of defiance, in her whole manner.

"You must listen to me, Miss di Cyntha," she said. "I hold a secret of yours, and I must be paid for it."

"You can have no secret of mine," returned Veronica.

"But I have," said the girl. "Listen to me. I am engaged to marry John Palding, who once lived here as head-groom. We have been engaged to be married for eight years, and fortune has never once smiled on us. He saved three hundred pounds and put it into a bank. The bank broke, and he was

left penniless. I saved sixty pounds, and invested it in a building society, which became bankrupt. Fortune has never once smiled on us until now. Now John Palding has an offer from a farmer in Australia. If he can get out there, and take five hundred pounds with him, we shall make our fortune."

"I do not see what this has to do with me," interposed Veronica.

"I do, Miss di Cyntha. I hold a secret of yours, and I want five hundred pounds as the price of my silence."

"You are talking nonsense, Morton. I can only imagine that you have lost your senses."

"You will find, on the contrary, Miss di Cyntha, that I was never more sensible in my life. Let me tell you what I have to say."

Veronica looked at her. In the excitement of the interview she had risen and confronted her.

"Come to the point at once, please," said Veronica. "What have you to say?"

The girl looked uneasily at her mistress; the color came and went in her face; her eyes drooped. Raising her head, she said suddenly:

"It is for John's sake—I would do anything for John."

Veronica gave a sigh of resignation. What this strange scene meant she could not tell, but it would end at some time, no doubt. Morton heard the sigh.

"You are impatient, miss," she said. "I am coming to the matter. I do not like to speak of it to you; you have been a kind mistress to me. But it is for John's sake—I would do anything for him."

"Will you be kind enough just to come to the point?" said Veronica.

"I will," answered Clara Morton.

Yet Veronica saw that she had to summon all her courage, to make a most desperate effort. She looked up at her.

"You remember Sir Jasper's death, Miss di Cyntha? You remember the day after it? Though it was a warm June day, you would have a fire in your room."

Veronica started; her face grew white, a low cry came from her lips.

"Go on," she said to the girl, who had paused abruptly when she saw the change in her mistress's face.

"That very day, miss, I thought there was something wrong," she said. "Why should you want a fire when the June sun was shining so warmly? I said to myself that you had something to burn."

Another low cry came from Veronica. Morton continued:

"I— you will be very angry with me, Miss di Cyntha—I watched you. I knelt down and looked through the keyhole. The key was in the lock, so that I could not see much, but I saw distinctly a roll of parchment in your hands, and I saw you put it on the fire. I saw it begin to burn, and I was wild to know what it was. All at once I had an idea that you were destroying something that belonged to Sir Jasper, and was determined to know."

She paused, while the beautiful face gazing into hers grew deadly white.

"I invented an excuse to get you from the room, Miss di Cyntha," she continued. "I told you that Lady Brandon had not answered a knock at her door—it was simply an excuse to get you from the room. Then I took from the fire the charred remains of the parchment. I saw quite distinctly the words 'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon, Miss di Cyntha. It was but a charred fragment—I took it away with me; and now, Miss di Cyntha, I accuse you of having burned Sir Jasper's will. You cannot deny it—I have the proofs.'

Veronica stood like one turned to stone. She had lost all power of speech. The girl continued:

"I can form no idea why you did it—that does not concern me—perhaps it was for your own interest. They said in the servants' hall that Sir Jasper had left you money; perhaps the will you destroyed took it from you."

There was a flash as of fire from the dark eyes.

"I do not wish to do you any harm, miss. I have not mentioned what I saw to any one, and I never will; but you must give me five hundred pounds for keeping your secret. Give me that and I will promise, I will swear, that no allusion to what I have seen shall ever pass my lips. Give me that, and I will bring the charred fragments to you. I do not wish to harm you, but Providence has given me this chance, and I must make the most of it. From that one moment I said to myself that I would keep your secret until I could use it. Give me five hundred pounds, and I will be as faithful as death to you."

Then the power of speech came to Veronica.

"Even if I would condescend to bribe you," she said, "I could not; I have not five hundred pounds of my own in the world."

"You have a rich lover," returned the girl, with a significant smile. "Sir Marc would give you anything in the world—his heart's blood if you needed it."

"Hush!" said Veronica, sternly. "I will not allow you to say such words."

"You may do whatever you like, miss—I shall keep to my word. If you give me five hundred pounds I will never reveal your secret; if not, I will betray it."

"What if I refuse?" said Veronica. "Tell me the worst." In her heart she knew the worst must come; it was as impossible for her to find five hundred pounds as it would have been to find five thousand.

"The worst is that, if I fail to get the money from you, I must try to find out who is the next most interested in the matter. There is one thing that you cannot deny, Miss di Cyntha—you burned the will." She paused with a sudden cry.

Unperceived by either, Sir Marc had entered through the open window, and stood with a horror-stricken face listening to the last few terrible words.

With an air of terrible bewilderment he looked from one to the other; Veronica was as white as death, the servant girl insolent in the full triumph of her accusation, in the knowledge of her victory. Veronica looked round when she saw the sudden

dawn of fear in the girl's eyes. She uttered no cry when she saw her lover, but a cold, terrible shudder seized her. He came to her and took her hand.

"What is the matter, Veronica? What does this insolent woman say? Why do you allow her to insult you?"

"Truth is no insult, Sir Marc," put in Morton. "Say the word, and I will send for a policeman, and will give her into custody. I heard a little of what has passed, and I see she is trying to extort money from you—why not order her from the house?"

"Ah, why not?" cried Morton, insolently. "As you say, Sir Marc, why not?"

"I will take the duty upon myself," he said; "I order you not only to quit the room, but to quit the house. Lady Brandon will approve of what I have done when she hears of your conduct."

"I shall not leave the room, Sir Marc," she replied, quietly, "until I have Miss di Cynthia's answer. She knows what I want; let her say if she will give it to me."

"You know that I cannot," she answered.

Sir Marc looked at her in bewilderment. "Surely you are not willing to compromise with this woman, Veronica? She must be punished—any attempt to extort money is a crime that the law punishes very severely. Do not speak to her—leave her to me."

Then he paused in bewildered wonder; there was something he did not understand—a shrinking fear in Veronica's face and an insolent triumph in the maid's. Where was the indignation, the just anger, that she should feel? What could it mean? With a restless, uneasy gaze he looked from one to the other. The dark eyes of the woman he loved had never met his own.

"I heard what has passed," he said. "I was bringing you these Gloire de Dijon roses, Veronica, and I heard this insolent woman say that you had burned a will—that you could not deny it. I know the meaning of that. She brings this false accusation against you, meaning to extort money from you, and you very properly refuse to give it to her. She ought to be sent to prison."

"Stop, Sir Marc," said the woman, angrily—"you speak too fast. Ask my mistress whether my charge against her is false or not."

"I will not insult Miss di Cynthia by any such question," he replied.

"Then you are unjust," she said. "You accuse me of bringing a false charge; ask Miss di Cynthia whether the charge is true or false—she will not deny it if you ask her."

Still there came no words from the white lips that were closed so strangely.

"I refuse to do any such thing," he returned. "Again, Sir Marc, I say that you are unjust. I accuse Miss di Cynthia of having in her own room, unknown to every one, and, as she thought, unseen by every one, willfully burnt Sir Jasper Brandon's last will and testament. More than that, I can prove that she did so. Now, Sir Marc, look from her to me—which of us looks guilty?"

He looked at Veronica as though half-expecting an indignant denial. None came.

"Miss di Cynthia," she continued, "tell Sir Marc, who accuses me of bringing a false charge, whether you destroyed that will or not."

Still there was no answer.

"I swear to heaven that I saw her do it, and that I have the proofs," cried the maid. "I should not speak so plainly before you, Sir Marc, but that hush money will do for you as well as for her."

Then Veronica spoke; she went up to him, and without looking at him, she said:

"Will you send that woman away, Marc? I shall die if she remains here. I will speak to you when she is gone."

It struck him with a pang more bitter than death that she had never once denied the charge.

"Go," he said to Morton; "leave Miss di Cynthia's presence, and never dare to seek it again. Leave this house at once. If in one hour from now you are within the walls, nothing will save you from prison."

"And nothing will save Miss di Cynthia from penal servitude," she rejoined.

The woman's persistence in her story astounded him, while Veronica's silence bewildered him. It could not be true—of course it was false; but it was evident from her silence that there was a mystery.

"Hush!" The white lips had opened again, and a voice that was unlike any he had ever heard came to him in the sunlit silence. "Do not drive her to extremes. Send her away."

Then Sir Marc, pointing to the door, said:

"Go! Leave the house; but wait for me at the railway-station at Hurstwood. I will see you there."

The woman left the room, and he took Veronica in his arms.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT HAYES IN NEW YORK.

EVENING RECEPTION BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

PRESIDENT HAYES, accompanied by his wife, two sons and Attorney-General Devens, left Washington on Thursday night, and arrived in New York early on Friday morning, December 21st. The first in the series of ovals tendered the Presidential party occurred on Friday evening, when the Union League Club opened its beautiful quarters to them.

The club-house was tastefully decorated throughout. On the landings of the stairway stood pots of tall and wide-spreading plants, while from the outer edges of the staircase were suspended large baskets of growing vines and flowers. The halls were draped with flags and banners, and the chandeliers wreathed with smilax. The decoration of the anteroom of the theatre, where the reception took place, was very elaborate. The wide opening between the anteroom and the theatre was draped both in front and in rear with American flags looped back with heavy gilt tassels. One or two larger flags extended entirely across the wall at the back of the room, crowning near the top of the large pier-glass. The American flag was draped also over the door opening into the main hall, and about the walls were hung small blue banners bearing the coats-of-arms

and seals of the various States. A heavy rug concealed the middle window opening on Twenty-sixth Street, and on the dais beneath it others were spread. It was here that the President stood. The large chandelier in the centre of the room was festooned with smilax and red and white flowers. The theatre was decorated with flags and banners, and the front of the stage was filled with plants, behind which was placed the band.

A collection of paintings by the best known American artists was on exhibition in the Art Gallery, where they had been placed during the day. Most of them were new, and few had been seen before. A number was fresh from the studio, and had been offered by the artists themselves. Others were loaned for the occasion by members of the club. There were nearly fifty in all.

At half-past eight o'clock President Hayes and his wife arrived by carriages from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At the appearance of the President the band struck up the familiar air, "Hail to the Chief," and as soon as he had taken his stand upon the dais the formality of the presentation began, continuing almost uninterruptedly for two and half hours. At the President's right hand stood the Hon. John Jay, president of the club; at his left Chief Justice Noah Davis. Next to him stood Mrs. Hayes, and on her left Mrs. Jay. After a while Judge Davis moved away, and his place was taken by Joseph H. Choate, formerly president of the club. Ex-Governor Morgan occupied a position with the Presidential party the greater part of the evening.

The occasion was a brilliant and memorable one. There were several Cabinet officers present, besides a number of military and naval dignitaries, distinguished statesmen, politicians and clergymen. The list included Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister; Secretary of State Evarts and daughter, Attorney-General Devens, Postmaster-General Key, Hon. John Jay, Chief Justice Davis, President Eliot of Harvard College; President Porter of Yale, and daughter; President Barnard of Columbia; Commodore Nicholson, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard; Hon. Hamilton Fish, ex-Governor Hawley, Jewell and Morgan; M. Kuhn, late Consul-General at Frankfurt; General Doubleday, General Hillhouse, Assistant Treasurer of New York State; General Hancock, General Shaler, General Van Buren, Minister to Japan; Judge Benedict, United States Court; D. S. Appleton, President New England Club; Judge Brady, George William Curtis, Judge Peabody, Captain Worden, United States Navy; Pierrepoint Morgan, Mrs. Admiral Farragut, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Loyal Farragut, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mr. Josiah M. Fiske, Doctor Agnew, Rev. Doctors Adams, Chapin, Ormiston, Arthur Brooks and wife, O. H. Tiffany and daughter, Frothingham and Bevan; District Attorney and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton and wife, Mr. Stephen H. Vance, ex-Judge and Mrs. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. J. Augustus Paine and wife, Mr. Charles H. Russell, Mr. S. B. Ruggles, Mr. C. C. Waite and lady, Mr. Joseph H. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. Perkins Draper and daughter, of Boston; Charles L. Tiffany, Andrew W. Leggett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watrous, Mr. Blair Scribner, Mr. C. A. W. Goddard, Rev. Dr. Schenck, of Brooklyn; Ellis McClure, Collector Arthur; Judge Larrimore and wife, and many others. Ex-Governor Tilden sent his regrets. A number of the Army and Navy officers were in full uniform, and the dressing of the ladies was very rich.

At eleven o'clock the President was shown to the small front room adjoining the reception-room, where a supper had been prepared.

At half-past eleven, the party returned to the reception-room, passed thence to the theatre, and soon afterwards went to the Art Gallery to see the exhibition of American paintings. The President and Mrs. Hayes left at twelve o'clock, and the other guests soon after.

Drumming out a Congregation.

THE history of Enfield, Connecticut, issued by the Town Centennial Committee, has elicited a letter from Mayor Poase, of Janesville, Wisconsin, who relates, in the words of his grandfather, the incident at the old First Church which followed the reception of the news of the fight at Lexington at the beginning of the Revolution:

"On the Sunday after that fight a message to Captain Thomas Abbe, giving an account of it was brought to him while he was at church. Captain Abbe was the best known 'man-of-war' in the town; he had seen service in the old French war, and withal was an accomplished player of the drum. He left the church very quietly, went to his house not far away, and forthwith returned as far as the steps or entrance to the church, and commenced playing on his drum, and played on till all the people came out of the church, leaving the parson alone. Captain Abbe then told the people of the fight at Lexington, made them a rousing 'war speech,' closing with the announcement that he should march for Boston the next day, and invited all who had a mind to march with him to fall into line as he stepped off. He then began to play upon the drum and march around the church until one hundred and forty-seven men had volunteered to go with him."

"A Nice Fellow."

THE nice fellow flirts and dances to perfection, and is welcome at all entertainments; but then, unfortunately, he is rarely "eligible," for if he were, it would not be necessary to pay in amiability for social consideration. He is an ideal lover, writes the most romantic letters, takes unheard-of journeys to see the beloved one, and coaxes his mother out of her best jewelry to give in present. It is chiefly, however, as a married man that the nice fellow is worthy of a moment's consideration; appearances and reality are so curiously at variance. One constantly hears surprise expressed as to one lady that she can be so devoted to her husband, who in society is such a stupid bear; whilst the same observer cannot understand why another lady seems so indifferent to her husband, who is universally popular. No one intimately acquainted with the private life of the two households would probably feel any such astonishment. A nice fellow as a husband retains his little endearing ways, particularly in public. He asks his wife if her feet are cold, whether it is Summer or Winter, wraps her up in the hottest weather, and insists upon her eating when she is not in the least hungry. So long as poverty does not make itself felt, things go smoothly enough; but then, alas! nice fellows are scarcely ever rich, nor do they always marry for money, as one might reasonably expect. They constantly allow themselves to be carried away by what they are pleased to call love—a sentiment which might by ill-natured people be described as a selfish fancy. However well good-looks and a

charming manner may grease the wheels of society, they are painfully inadequate to smooth away the difficulties of making both ends meet upon a small income. The nice fellow is careful to mix himself up as little as possible with the vulgar troubles of economical household management.

Russian Divorces.

DIVORCES are not allowed in Russia, but a marriage can be annulled for informality. It is only a question of money, like most Russian things. In Lithuania and some parts of Little Russia it is the custom for the bride's nearest relative to give her a slap on the face at the moment of leading her to the priest, the object of this being to establish, in case of need, that the bride married under compulsion—which would be enough to break the marriage. Russians themselves assure strangers that the slap is only a reminder to the bride to behave well in future; but the true sense of it is that just stated, for otherwise the reminder would presumably be given by the bridegroom. In some parts of the empire the date of the marriage is left blank on the certificate; and this again furnishes grounds for a divorce. In the Chersonese the pope intentionally omits to register the ages of the parties; but there is no real need for any of these precautions, for the marriage laws are so complex that two parties willing to pay for the luxury of a separation can easily ferret out a ukase whose prescriptions were not scrupulously observed at their nuptials. It is the clergy who declare a marriage null, and they will connive at any trick for this purpose. It is not by any means rare for a lady of fickle affections to get her new lover to pay her husband a sum of money that he may consent to a divorce; and this has been done even in social circles where a regard for decencies might have been expected.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Captured Town of Kars.

THE capture of the fortress of Kars by the Russians, on the night of November 17th, placed in the hands of the Russians the key to the Turkish province of Armenia, and in fact to the whole of Turkey in Asia. The loss of this place was the worst blow the Turkish arm sustained previous to the fall of Plevna. As only ten thousand men had been left in the place, the fall of Kars by assault is a matter of no surprise. If well provisioned, it would stand a siege for ever. The batteries cannot be enfiladed—they cannot be commanded. Situated, as nearly all are, on the crest of a mountain, the casualties in their garrisons are necessarily small, for the majority of shot either pass over the works or bury themselves in the hillside below them. With a powerful garrison, strong reserves, and ready means of communication between the eastern and western systems of fortification, the place would be impregnable; but with a garrison scarcely sufficient to man the intrenchments, it is not to be wondered that Kars has fallen.

A Burmese Pony Race.

A race between two ponies belonging to and ridden by Burmans took place on the 2d of November last at Jounghoo, British Burmah. The Burmans are much attached to this form of sport, and bet considerably. In this case the race was held on the Jail Road, the starting place being near the jail, and the course a perfectly straight one of about two hundred and fifty yards. Three heats are run. The sketch represents the winner of the first heat being escorted back to the starting-post by his backers with dance and song. The hubbub is scarcely calculated to steady the nerves of an English racer, but a paddy diet possibly produces stolidism. The jockey, tucking his switch into the back of his lungi—which was rolled tight up round his loins, displaying the indigo-colored tattoo-work with which all Burmans are adorned from the waist to below the knee to full advantage—stood in his very short stirrups and danced, gesticulating with hands bent back after the Burmese Pony fashion. The Burmese ponies are from 12 hands to 12.2 on the average, some smaller than 12 and some larger than 12.2. The Burmese saddle is a flat, shallow seat, with a large hump in front, covered with crimson cloth; the reins are crimson bell-rope, and so is the crupper, which passes loosely under the tail, and crimson bell-ropes, tassels and all hang down the sides. A small bamboo shelter with a raised floor, standing at the winning-post, was occupied by a small party of Europeans—military, civil and clerical.

Military Punishments in Turkey.

Although the bastinado is comparatively little used now amongst the Turks, corporal punishment is as popular an institution as ever, and whether the offender is a dishonest baker of Stamboul, or a disobedient or thieving soldier on the banks of the Lom, the culprit—provided his fault be not so flagrant as to necessitate a reference to higher quarters—is generally summarily made to "eat stick" after the orthodox schoolboy fashion represented in our illustrations.

A Russian Officer Firing a Falconet.

In these days of ironclads and 100-ton guns it is strange to find a weapon of three centuries back being reverted to in a campaign where even the *sundudel-gewehr* of a few years since is regarded as an antiquated weapon. The "falconet" was the name given to the semi-blunderbuss, semi cannon used in the time of good Queen Bess. During the present war it has been a not unfrequent arm in the hands of the Russians, who have used it behind good cover, such as a raised mound, for desultory assaults, or for pushing forward a line of advance. In our picture it is being used during an attack on November 9th by Skobeleff's troops, the officer resting the unwieldy weapon upon a breastwork of bushes.

The Beleaguered Town of Erzeroum.

The Russian advance westward in Asia, since the great defeat of Moukhtar Pasha on the 15th November at Yagni Tepe, has brought their army, independently of the capture of Kars, quite close to the important city of Erzeroum, the Armenian provincial capital. The defenses of Erzeroum consist of detached works grouped together at three points, and of a citadel. The most important group of advanced works is that situated on the heights of the Top Dagh. These are constructed in two lines. The first comprises the three lunettes of Azizieh, of which two have their gorges defended by casemates, while the third is open. The second line lies about six hundred yards in front of the wall of the town, and consists of two works, of which one is inclosed and the other open. The second group of works, of much inferior value to the first, is placed on the heights of Keremet Dagh. The third group consists of the fort of Akhali and its adjuncts, and lies on the south of the town. None of these works are very strong, but that of Azizieh, which affords casemated shelter for thirty guns, is the strongest. The wall around the town is strengthened by eleven bastions, which are connected by means of trenches with the outworks. The citadel in the centre of the town is guarded solely by an old stone wall, flanked by eleven antiquated towers.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—FINE oranges that grow near Tallahassee sell in the streets of that city for \$1.50 a hundred.

—THE unclaimed dividends now lying at the Bank of England amount to £3,506,956.

—THE exports of meat and live stock to Great Britain this year are nearly double what they were in 1876.

—THE season's catch of salmon in Oregon has been over 130,000, and 9,000 cases have been put up for the market.

—REFUSING to serve the office of Lord Mayor of London renders an Alderman liable to a fine of \$5,000, which Sir B. Hammet had to pay in 1798.

—A FARM hand for harvesting is paid in central Italy seven cents a day, and considers himself a lucky man to find employment at that rate.

—IN 1864, 44 per cent. of the grain imported into England was from Russia; in 1873 the United States sent 44 per cent and Russia 21 per cent.

—ON the site of old Temple Bar, London, now in process of demolition, is to be erected a column or obelisk to mark the limits of the city's jurisdiction.

—SEVERE frosts on the 29th and 30th of November solidified the juice in the standing sugar-cane in portions of Louisiana, and have caused immense damage.

—UNION men and ex-Federal soldiers at Chattanooga are contributing money to repair the damage done to the Confederate monument by unknown vandals.

—THE French police have establishments at intervals along the Seine to restore persons picked out of that river, which probably gets more would-be suicides than any other.

—It is said that San Francisco has a debt less than that of any city of her size in this country or Great Britain. Her debt is about \$3,500,000, and her population 250,000.

—PEANUTS yield a large percentage of oil that is as good for all purposes as olive oil. It is more palatable than olive oil, and is used extensively for culinary purposes, finding a ready market.

—JAMAICA began quinine-planting in 1860, and now has 80,000 trees, of which experienced chemists report most favorably. The experiment made by Government is regarded as a complete success.

—THE principal commercial centres seem suddenly to have arrived at the conclusion to establish lines of steamers with South America. It is announced that New Orleans now contemplates such a venture.

—SATIN is now the rage. It went out of fashion in England twenty-eight years ago, when Mrs. Manning, a celebrated murderess, at one time lady's maid to the late Duchess of Sutherland, was hung in a black satin dress.

—A REMARKABLE phenomenon occurred near Little Stony Mountain, Manitoba, during a late thunder-storm. What appeared to be a dense volume of cloud struck the prairie with such violence as to make a large excavation in the earth about six feet deep.

—THE Caffre rising at the Cape is reported to have been suppressed, but the British Government have nevertheless forwarded sixty tons of ammunition, including a million rounds of small-arm cartridges, by special train to Southampton, for conveyance to the Cape of Good Hope.

—THE old Unitarian Church in Washington, in which Channing and Sparks and Palfrey preached, and where John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Webster, and other great men have worshipped, is to be converted into a police court, the society having sold it and commenced the erection of a new church edifice.

—A LETTER, plainly addressed, was delivered on the 4th inst., in Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., which was mailed at Cape Vincent, Jefferson County, Jan. 29th, 1872, and bore on its envelope the request to return it to the writer in five days if unclaimed. Where it has been journeying in the six years past is a mystery.

—AN estimate has been made of the loss experienced in the English Channel by the storm of November 12th. Twenty-three vessels foundered, 45 were cast ashore, 34 had to put back seriously damaged, 56 lost anchors, etc., about 200 men were drowned, and the loss of cargoes is put down at not less than \$1,200,000.

—THE Japanese are beginning to taste the fruits of civilization. Their first serious railway accident occurred on the evening of the 6th of October, and took the form of a collision between two night trains. Three Japanese were killed, and several persons were injured, among them the two engine-drivers, who were foreigners.

—IRELAND has, as compared with England, but one-half the number of landowners in proportion to population, and if purely agricultural districts are compared, it will be found that for ten owners of land in England of between one and fifty acres, there is only one owner in Ireland; and yet about one-third of the land of Ireland has been in the market since 1845.

—THE cattle disease, which during the present Summer has wrought dire havoc among the herds on the steppes of Southern Russia, has now reached the Polish provinces, and is rapidly approaching the frontier. The losses sustained by the Russian peasantry since the plague crossed the Ural Mountains, two years ago, are immense. The authorities fear that the entire bovine race of Caucasia will become extinct.

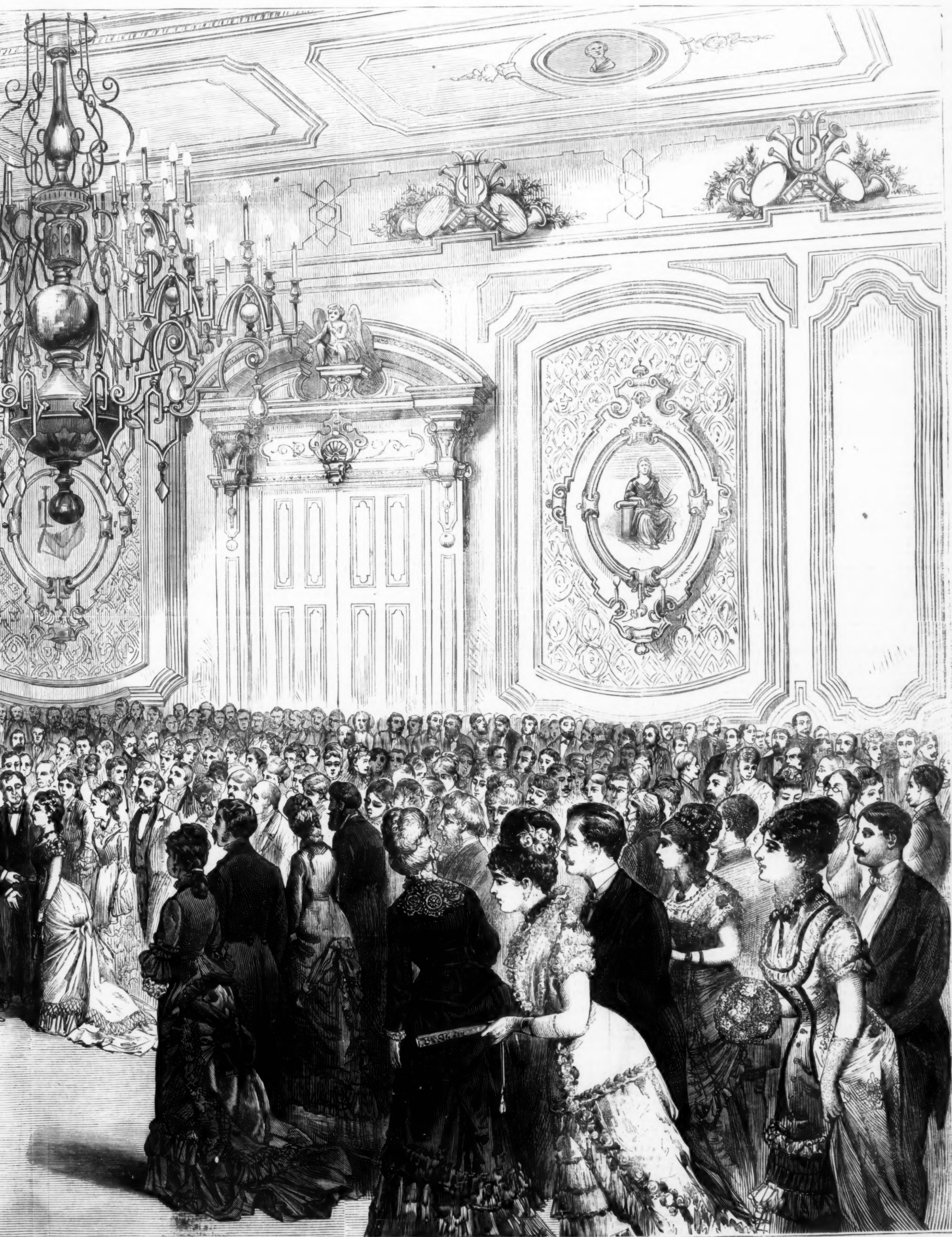
—HOUSES in Paris have been greatly improved in comfort of late years. Water is now brought to the upper stories, and a furnace is often maintained by the landlord. Flats vary in price from \$200 to \$5,000 a year; but, while the majority live in this way, the wealthy still reside in "hotels," as in days gone by, and build new ones. Many of these latter, though plain externally, are exquisite within. The Paris houses are excellently built, and made as near fireproof as possible.

—ONLY forty-one obelisks are known to exist. Four are standing and two are prostrate at Karnac; nine are prostrate at Saun, and one stands at Philae. In Rome there are twelve, the largest one being at the Church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris, Arles and Constantinople one each. In England there are four—two at the British Museum, one at Ainslie Castle, and one at Kingston-Lacy, Dorsetshire, brought over by William Bankes, a friend of Lord Byron.

—THE Rochester Express tells the story of an unseemly contest in a church in Brockport last Sunday evening. Two members were acting as ushers, each taking charge of an aisle. One of them escorted certain parties to a seat in the other's aisle, and the latter, offended at his action, told him to "attend to his own business," and go to his own side of the house. The other refused to leave, and was forcibly put out of the aisle. The members of the church and congregation are indignant over the matter.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT—RECEPTION GIVEN TO PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES IN



HAYES IN THE THEATRE OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21st.—SEE PAGE 307.

SEVENTY-EIGHT.

OF the future is everything hidden,
Only this is as certain as fate—
Many things that are quite unexpected
May be looked for in 'Seventy-eight.

For the barbarous Turk and the Russian
May the horrors of warfare abate,
And make peace and a civilized treaty,
Just like Christians, in 'Seventy-eight.

And the fire-eating French and the Germans
May extinguish their mutual hate,
And strike hands at the Great Exposition
In the Summer of 'Seventy-eight.

And all nations beat swords into plowshares,
And from each each a message translate,
Of good-will and of brotherly kindness
Before Christmas in 'Seventy-eight.

And at home there may spring up a notion
That it's better to labor and wait,
Than to barter the soul to the devil
For a fortune, in 'Seventy-eight.

And our politics come to mean honor
In country and city and State,
And an end come to vulgar ambition,
And to shoddy, in 'Seventy-eight.

And some insects that creep in high places
A disastrous fall may await;
We'll not name them for fear we embalm them
As in amber, in 'Seventy-eight.

And some old politician who's honest
Be presented a service of plate,
When he's found, after infinite searching
With a lantern, in 'Seventy-eight.

To the Churches may come a revival,
And of sinners, both little and great,
There may be, as in days of Pentecost,
Much conversion in 'Seventy-eight.

And our literature move a step higher,
And our newspapers cease to collate
The indecent and horrible, mainly,
For their readers, in 'Seventy-eight.

To restore the legitimate drama,
And respectable plays reinstate,
A demand may arise from the people—
May be heeded in 'Seventy-eight.

And another crusade against whisky,
Inundated with water or straight,
May see glorious victory perching,
On its banners in 'Seventy-eight.

And in matters of dress and apparel,
A most trivial cause may create
Quite a new and a dreadful departure
In the fashions of 'Seventy-eight.

Some ridiculous question of manners
May occasion a world of debate,
After all to be left in abeyance,
And unsettled in 'Seventy-eight.

Or a wondrous revival in business,
And a movement in real estate,
Such as never before had been witnessed,
May surprise us in 'Seventy-eight.

Or a comet of magnitude fearful,
Of which no one had figured the date,
May approach and affright us and leave us
In good order in 'Seventy-eight.

All the curious schemes and inventions
Of the ages remote, or of late,
May be dwarfed and thrown into the shadow,
By the wonders of 'Seventy-eight.

And improvements in engines and motors,
Till they move at a horrible rate,
And the greatest advances in science,
May be witnessed in 'Seventy-eight.

And the shipwrecks and fearful collisions
There have been in the past to relate,
Be completely outdone and belittled,
By disasters in 'Seventy-eight.

Or enormous auriferous treasures,
Washed from mountains of quartz and of slate,
May create in lone African valleys
A gold fever in 'Seventy-eight.

Or a valley of diamonds discovered,
Of a value they could not overrate,
Make a story like Sinbad the Sailor's,
Of explorers in 'Seventy-eight.

If some prophet could tell who'd be married,
And their subsequent stories narrate,
Very many now rushing on danger,
Would be cautious in 'Seventy-eight.

Of our near ones and dear ones how many
May be nigh the celestial gate!
And though Providence wisely conceals it,
They may enter in 'Seventy-eight.

But 'tis idle to talk of the future,
And on things that may happen dilate;
The events that are most unexpected
Are most certain for 'Seventy-eight.

And 'twere foolish to borrow of trouble,
And make care for the morrow a weight,
For the Father who cares for the sparrow
Will protect us in 'Seventy-eight.

BENJ. G. SMITH.

MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

By R. J. DE CORDOVA.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEW GIRL, PARKIN

PARKIN stopped at the bar at the corner, fortifying himself with a glass of something hot and strong, to the amazement and amid the winks of the persons in attendance; and then, resolutely determining that, if the ingenuity of man could compass this end, he would have speech with Miss Arabella before he had been ten minutes in the house, strode to his destination, and rang the bell with a feeling of desperate courage. Mrs. Fizzlebury, in person, opened the door, and Parkin was admitted.

By Mrs. Fizzlebury the appearance of Parkin (the new girl) was accepted as a mark of the great bounty of Providence in her utmost need. The proprietor of the Intelligence Office had promised that a servant should be sent to her at four o'clock that afternoon. But the hours had passed, and so also had the girl; who, having heard, before she

left the office, of the detestable character of the house, had declined to become an inmate thereof. Mrs. Fizzlebury was, therefore, suffering much distress of mind, and had willingly consented that Miss Arabella should go and dine at her Aunt Keduser's, since it would be impossible, without a housemaid, to have a comfortable dinner at home.

It must be added that Miss Arabella had her private reasons for wishing to be frequently at her Aunt Keduser's; because that lady lived opposite to the residence of Arabella's most intimate friend and confidant, Miss Wobbleham, who received and delivered, in secret, certain notes which frequently passed between the Count de Couac, who was Miss Wobbleham's singing-master, and Miss Arabella, totally without the knowledge of her parents. But of this, more by-and-by.

Great had been Mrs. Fizzlebury's distress that afternoon, and correspondingly great was her joy on beholding Parkin, though, if the truth must be told, he was anything but an agreeable girl to look upon.

"Come in—come in!" said Mrs. Fizzlebury, with much affability. "Mr. Jackson at the Intelligence Office promised that you would be here at four o'clock, and it is now past seven. I began to think that you were not coming!"

Parkin felt that a resort to all of poetic imagination that he could command must be at once made.

"I went up to Harlem, ma'am, to tell my sister that I had got a place," said Parkin, as he followed Mrs. Fizzlebury into the parlor, and, after the manner of servant-girls in our day, seated himself in front of Mrs. Fizzlebury, who was standing.

"You seem to have a severe cold," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury; "you appear to be very hoarse!"

"A very bad cold, indeed, ma'am," said Parkin, wincing with the fear that his masculine voice might spoil everything; "a very bad cold, ma'am. I caught it washin' the windys with hot water one very cold day, and the byes in the street was very rude, indeed, ma'am."

"Well, never mind about that," interrupted Mrs. Fizzlebury. "What is your name?"

"Mary, ma'am," said Parkin.

"Mary what?" inquired the lady.

"No, ma'am, as you please, but Mary Murphy, ma'am."

"Ah, Mary Murphy!" repeated Mrs. Fizzlebury. "Have you a recommendation, Mary?"

"I have, ma'am," replied Parkin, finding, with much difficulty the pocket of the strange garment then on his person, and into which he had stowed his money and his papers.

Hastily selecting the document which looked like the character which I had that morning written for him, he handed it, with a show of much confidence and integrity, to Mrs. Fizzlebury.

That lady adjusted her spectacles, opened the paper, frowned, and looked, as one puzzled, toward Parkin.

"One pair!" said Mrs. Fizzlebury, reading; "one pair pantaloons, fifteen dollars! One pair—"

Parkin almost snatched the paper from her, so eager was he to secure it, and exclaimed:

"That's not the paper, ma'am; that's a bill belonging to—my brother, ma'am. Here is my character, ma'am!"

And Parkin really trembled when he handed the recommendation to his new mistress.

It was, indeed, as I, its author, flatter myself, a most powerful document, and showed forth Parkin in a light of which he, or any other Custom House clerk, under similar circumstances, might well have been proud. It ran as follows:

"I take pleasure in certifying that the bearer is an excellent girl, of strictly moral character, high principle, and surprisingly moderate appetite. She is honest to a fault, and most civil and obliging to her employers. She has lived in my family eleven years, and leaves us, to our very sincere regret, because of our intended departure for Europe next week.

MRS. SMITH,

28 Plymouth Rock Avenue, Brooklyn."

As a rule, it is safe for a girl, without a recommendation, to have one manufactured as dating from Brooklyn. It is a long way off for a lady who lives in the upper part of New York, and who, happening to be badly off for a servant, will probably say, "Well, you can come, and the day after to-morrow I will go over to Brooklyn, and see the lady, and, if I find that she confirms this, it will be all right;" and so, if the girl suits for a day or two, the proposed visit to the city is put off from day to day, and the lady never troubles herself to go thither. It may happen that, one fine morning, the new girl robs the house and decamps, whereupon the lady declares that she never again will engage a servant on a written recommendation—a determination to which she rigidly adheres until the next time, when her indolence and a pressing necessity will induce her to forget or waive her resolution.

"This recommendation," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, to Parkin, "is quite satisfactory, and, in a day or two, I will go over to Brooklyn and see Mrs. Smith. Are you an early riser, Mary?"

"Five in the Summer, and six in the Winter, ma'am," said Parkin.

"That will do very well," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, blandly. She was always honey to an incoming girl and vinegar to an outgoing one.

"Can you remain to-night?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, certainly," responded Parkin, rather more eagerly than was quite prudent.

"Your duties here," observed the wily lady, in the most cordial tones she could assume, "will not be very severe. You will, the first thing in the morning, sweep out the parlor and the dining-room after dusting the furniture—you will then set the breakfast-table, and give Mr. Fizzlebury his breakfast. In the course of the morning you will attend to the bedrooms and make the beds, (Parkin winced at this announcement of what—expressed and understood—would be expected of him); but before doing so, and as Miss Arabella and myself always breakfast in bed, you will bring mine and Miss Arabella's up to our bedrooms. (Parkin shuddered and half rose from the chair with an idea of making his escape, lest he might hear something still more revolting in the catalogue of his duties). You will then wash up the breakfast things, clean the knives, and assist

cook in the laundry-work. Are you a good washer and ironer, Mary?"

Parkin groaned in spirit at this new horror, but he had sufficient presence of mind to answer, "Illigant, ma'am."

"You will also go to market," continued Mrs. Fizzlebury, "do what mending of the clothes may be required, set lunch, perform such errands as may be needed, black Mr. Fizzlebury's boots (Parkin could scarcely sustain this last shock, and was on the point of saying that he would see Mrs. Fizzlebury something first; but he restrained himself, and Mrs. Fizzlebury continued): "You will wait at table at dinner and tea, take the plate up to my bedroom on your way up to bed; and, by-the-way, can you make pastry, Mary?"

"Splendid, ma'am," said Parkin.

"Very good, indeed," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, who flattered herself that she now had the very pearl of housemaids. "Very good, indeed. And your wages?"

"Twelve dollars a month, ma'am," answered Parkin, promptly.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Fizzlebury, "I never pay more than ten."

"I'm speakin' in currency, ma'am," observed Parkin.

"So am I, Mary," responded Mrs. Fizzlebury.

"Well, ma'am," said Parkin, anxious to have these preliminaries over, in order that he might the more speedily obtain speech of Miss Arabella. "Well, ma'am, seein' it's you, ma'am, I'm willin' to say tin dollars to begin; thin if I shute you, ma'am, you'll make it twelve;" which was readily agreed to by Mrs. Fizzlebury as a condition which bound her specially to nothing, and because she made it a point always to agree to anything and everything when a new girl was to be employed.

Parkin, then, according to the plan which had been agreed on between us as necessary thoroughly to blind his new mistress, began to play his part in the putting of questions.

"How many girls do you keep, ma'am?"

"Two," answered Mrs. Fizzlebury; "a cook and a housemaid."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't shute me, ma'am," said Parkin. "In my last place, at Mrs. Smith's, in Brooklyn, there was four girls, besides the coachman and the gardener, a small boy and a dawg, ma'am."

This answer immediately impressed Mrs. Fizzlebury with the idea that the imaginary personage, whom Parkin called Mrs. Smith, but who was only a sort of Long Island Mrs. Harris, must be a highly respectable person, whose acquaintance it would be extremely desirable to cultivate. She certainly would call on Mrs. Smith.

"Well," said the sly old lady, who was extremely anxious not to say anything likely to disgust the new girl, "we have for some time had an idea of keeping three girls, and I think we shall shortly do so."

"How about the table, ma'am?" inquired Parkin. "What sort of a table do you keep, ma'am? because I never could eat cold meat, and wouldn't like to be asked to do it; and you know yourself, ma'am, that any lady that is a lady would not by no means ask a girl to eat cold meat."

Mrs. Fizzlebury promptly declared that she rarely, if ever, required her girls to eat cold meat. (She did not; it was not every day that they had meat, warm or cold.)

"You allow two aivnings out in the week, I suppose, ma'am; as other ladies does?"

"We always allow one evening in the week," said Mrs. Fizzlebury. (This was partially true. One evening was always stipulated; but when it was claimed, Mrs. Fizzlebury invariably adduced the fact of the other girls having gone away that day as a reason why the privilege must be withheld.)

"I have always had Wednesday aivnin' to myself, ma'am," urged Parkin; "and as course Sunday aivnin' is my rights. To be sure, ma'am, you won't ask me to drink black tea; I always drinks green, ma'am."

"I never take any other myself," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, who always bought for the kitchen the cheapest she could find, reserving the higher-priced sorts (and not very high-priced either) for her own table.

"You need not trouble yourself now about those matters," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, as soon as Parkin gave her a chance to speak. "If there is anything in the house that you don't like, you can let me know," continued the lady in her most wheedling tone. "Have you brought your trunk with you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Parkin, "I've brought only this bundle, until we see how we get along together."

"Well, go down stairs then," said Parkin's mistress, "and Bridget, my cook" (she said "my cook" as though she had a proprietary right to Bridget, though she had been in the family only two days)—"Bridget, my cook, will show you how to lock up the lower part of the house, and to bring the plate up-stairs, which is all that will be required of you to-night."

And the new girl, thus installed, was on her way down the kitchen steps, to which Mrs. Fizzlebury pointed, when, suddenly remembering that he had not yet seen Miss Arabella, who was the chief, and, indeed, the only object of his visit, he turned and again confronted Mrs. Fizzlebury.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NEW GIRL IS DISGUSTED.

"I BEG your pardon, ma'am," said Parkin; "but I hope the young lady is a nice, agreeable young lady, ma'am?"

"She is generally so considered," answered Mrs. Fizzlebury, with a grim smile; but she said no more.

Parkin was baffled.

"Couldn't I see the young lady and pay my respects to her?" he inquired, with what he conjectured might be regarded as a respectful, but winning, grin.

"You will to-morrow," replied Mrs. Fizzlebury. "Miss Arabella has gone to my aunt's, Miss Keduser, in Fifty-first Street, on a visit, and won't be home till to-morrow afternoon for dinner."

Miss Arabella had gone to Aunt Keduser's, with the hope of receiving a letter from the count.

This unexpected blow completely floored Parkin, and he stood there gazing, like a man drunken as with wine, staring at Mrs. Fizzlebury, and hurriedly reviewing in his mind the terrible situation. "Gracious heaven!" thought Parkin, "what is to be done?" To quit the house that night, after having accepted the engagement, would be at once to lose all chance of being again admitted, and of being enabled to serve Potthausen. But, on the other hand, to remain in the house and in such a costume, all night, would be terrible. He thus stood cogitating until a yawn from Mrs. Fizzlebury reminded him that whatever course he would have to take must be immediately resolved on.

The reflection flashed across his mind that, come what might, he *must* remain. To have sacrificed his mustache and placed himself in so humiliating a position, and then to go away without effecting anything, would be to render himself ridiculous throughout the remainder of his life. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thought Parkin. He would remain; and he turned again towards the kitchen steps, determined to complete the sacrifice which he had begun on the altar of friendship. So bewildered was he that he scarcely heard Mrs. Fizzlebury's remark; or, if he heard it at all, it seemed to him as though he heard it in an unpleasant dream—"How very tall you are, Mary!" until the lady repeated the observation, when he answered mechanically that he had "caught it from washin' the windys one very cold day with hot water," a reply which, fortunately, Mrs. Fizzlebury paid no attention to; and he followed her down to the kitchen, where he was duly presented to the cook as the new girl, "Mary."

"Murphy, ma'am," added Parkin.

"Have you had any supper?" inquired cook, directly Mrs. Fizzlebury had quitted the kitchen.

"Parkin was very surly and ill-tempered, and answered gruffly:

"Yes."

"And it's a good thing for you," replied cook, "for there isn't a bit you'd have uv you hadn't."

So Parkin sat and looked at the cook, and the cook sat on an opposite chair and looked at Parkin for nearly an hour, during which period Parkin's feelings were becoming more and more bitter.

At length the presiding genius of the kitchen rose and said to Parkin:

"Come, now, and I'll show you how to lock up the house. He's got a latch-key, and nobody has to wait for him—but we takes all the keys upstairs with the plate. It's a patent lock on the front door, and when it's locked and the key upstairs, nobody can open it, inside or out, without the latch-key, but he's got that widd him."

"Who's he?" inquired Parkin.

"Why the husband," answered cook, who was evidently incensed against the Fizzlebury family generally; for she instantly launched into so particular a history of the meannesses and stinginess of the "ould woman" (meaning, of course, Mrs. Fizzlebury), eked out with the exaggeration common to all of her class, that had Parkin really been a female domestic he would have taken fright and refused to remain another minute under a roof which covered so much wickedness.

When the shutters had been closed and the doors locked, cook informed Parkin that, as she had to speak to the "ould woman" (thus was Mrs. Fizzlebury irreverently designated throughout the period of Parkin's stay in that family), she (the cook) would take up the plate and the keys, and Parkin might go up at once to bed. This was just what Parkin most desired to do, for the wig made his head very warm, and he longed to take it off.

He accordingly inquired of the cook:

"Which is my room?"

"There's two rooms in the attic," said cook, "but one of them is locked up because there's a rat or something dead in the flooring. The other room is open, and that's our room."

"Our room!" ejaculated Parkin, with a small shriek. "Great heaven! Can't I have a room to myself?"

"A room to yourself!" replied cook. "A room to yourself indade! Do you think you're in the Queen's palace to London? You'll find, my dear, that there's some difference between this mean ould house and the Queen's palace to London. The saints have mercy on us! A room to herself, indade! What next, I wonder?"

And thus it was that Parkin stood outside the door of the attic bedroom, as described in the third chapter of this veritable history, with an anxious, troubled, and disgusted expression on his countenance.

Now, cook was evidently, and to all intents and purposes, a domestic virago, and had she, for a moment, suspected the sex of the new girl, she would have raised such a riot in the house and neighborhood as had never before been known in that aristocratic locality. And, in like manner, had she had an idea of the disgust with which Parkin regarded her, in his present heartrending dilemma, I believe she would, then and there, have scratched his eyes out. But, ignorant on both these points, she limited her suspicions to the belief that the new girl was proud; because she (the cook) was Irish, or because she was a Catholic; and she cherished this idea until Parkin explained his unwillingness to come into the bedroom on the score of "a penance put upon him by the priest."

Parkin, as we have seen, finally strode into the darkened room, dragged from off the bed a quilt or blanket, laid it down on the bare floor outside, wrapped himself in that dirty covering, and so far appeared to go to sleep that the cook believed she heard him snoring.

CHAPTER VIII.—ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF THE NEW GIRL.

PARKIN did not—could not—sleep. Enraged at his folly and weakness in suffering himself to be led into so terrible a position, he nevertheless resolved that, being in it, he would carry it out to what he called "the bitter end." He would not undergo for nothing what he had undergone and was still undergoing. It was a terrible sacrifice to make for his friend, but he would make it.

Such was Parkin's heroic determination when he first laid himself down in a position of repose.

But it was Winter time, and the weather that night was bitterly cold. Parkin began to shiver—slightly at first, severely after the first half an hour; and, in what may be called the heat of his shivering, his friendly resolution began to melt away. After another quarter of an hour he began to feel incensed at what he considered to be the selfishness of Potthausen in placing him in such a situation. After half an hour more he suspended his abuse of Potthausen and began to call himself names, as "fool," "dolt," "ass," for having undertaken so absurd a mission. After a further period of suspense he had got to seriously doubting the wisdom of his determination to go on with the sacrifice which he had so unwisely commenced, and thought he would be acting far more sensibly if he were quietly to creep down-stairs, let himself out at the front-door, and go home to bed.

Accordingly, and at nearly midnight, he unwrapped himself from the quilt, groped his way in darkness to the head of the attic-stairs, and stole cautiously down—down—down—three successive flights, until he reached the entrance-hall. The door was locked, and the key was absent. "Let us try the basement," thought Parkin; but the door to the stairs leading to the lower part of the house was also locked. This was worse and worse. What was he to do? He heard the measured tread of a policeman in the street. Should he bellow and ask the officer to get him out? Absurd! What would be the clear duty of the policeman under the circumstances but to take to the station-house a man discovered prowling around a house in female attire at midnight, and to keep him there till the next morning for exposure and judgment? Then Parkin was visited with a happy thought. He would endeavor to get out through one of the parlor-windows leading to the street. Horror! the parlor-doors were locked also. Despondent to the last degree, Parkin sat down on the lower step of the hall-stairs and meditated. What had he done to deserve being placed in so fearful a position? At any rate, and in spite of the cold weather, he had now become quite warm, by reason, firstly, of the horrid wig on his head, and, secondly, of the reflection that Potthausen and the author of this true story were, in all probability, enjoying themselves over a bowl of punch and with cigars at that very moment. The perspiration broke out freely on Parkin's forehead, and he felt almost like weeping.

While so engaged he was suddenly startled by footsteps coming up the "stoop" outside. A moment afterwards he heard a latchkey in the lock. It flashed upon him on the instant that this must be Mr. Fizzlebury come home. Parkin, catching up his skirts lest they should trip him in his flight, darted up the stairs like lightning. The rustling of his clothing caught Mr. Fizzlebury's ears as he was about to close the door.

"Who's there?" cried Mr. Fizzlebury.

Terrified by this question, Parkin suddenly stopped, endeavored even to arrest his breathing, and awaited the results with what submission he could command.

"It must have been fancy," muttered Mr. Fizzlebury, as he banged the door to.

Parkin, seizing the baluster as a guide in the darkness, and, trusting that the echo caused by the shutting of the street-door would conceal the noise of his footsteps up the stairs, made a sudden rush up the next flight.

"Is anybody there?" cried Mr. Fizzlebury, and stood still to listen.

So also did Parkin.

"It is that infernal cat again," said Mr. Fizzlebury to himself, and in measured steps pursued his way up-stairs to the second floor.

Parkin, who was now half way up to the third landing, waited till he heard Mr. Fizzlebury's bedroom-door closed, and then, with drooping spirits and elevated skirts, crept up to the attic again, wrapped himself once more in the detested quilt, and mentally swore and fretted until nearly sunrise, when, thoroughly exhausted, he slept and dreamed that he was washing and ironing old Fizzlebury, after which it would be his duty to do Mrs. Fizzlebury up into a pie.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE new building of the American Museum of Natural History in this city was formally opened on the afternoon of Saturday, December 22d. The structure as it now stands forms exactly one-twelfth of the entire Museum structure, as proposed, which will probably not be finished for half a century or more. The proposed structure comprises a quadrangle, with an interior or cross, and four interior courtyards. The building stands on Manhattan Square, which is bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues, Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets, consisting of eighteen and a half acres of land. The American Museum of Natural History was founded by a special act of the State Legislature on the 6th of April, 1869. Among its original incorporators were John David Wolfe, Robert Colgate, Benjamin H. Field, Robert L. Stuart, Adrian Iselin, Benjamin B. Sherman, Theodore Roosevelt, William A. Haines, Howard Potter, William T. Blodgett, Morris K. Jesup, D. Jackson Steward, J. Pierpont Morgan, A. C. P. Dodge, Charles A. Dana, Joseph H. Choate, and Henry Parish. The object of the incorporators was to form a museum and library of natural history. The sum of \$700,000 has been spent upon the part which has just been finished, which forms the southern limit of the interior cross of the great structure planned by Calvert Vaux, the architect. The ground was broken early in 1873. On the 2d of June, 1874, President Grant laid the corner-stone, the ceremony being witnessed by several members of the President's Cabinet, Governor Dix, Mayor Wickham, and other public officers. As the building now stands, it excels in its style and appointments any other scientific museum in the world. The South Kensington Scientific Building, in London, will be three times larger than the finished part of the American Museum of Natural History. The Museum, as planned, is intended for America when the population of the United States shall be 400,000,000, instead of 40,000,000, as it is now. Its projectors hope to make the metropolis the intel-

lectual centre of the Republic, as London is the intellectual centre of the whole British Empire. The work of erecting the building has been superintended by the Park Department, the Commissioners of which have awarded all of the contracts and paid all of the bills. The annual appropriation for museums, amounting to \$40,000, which is placed at the disposal of the Park Department, is divided equally between the Museum of Natural History and the Zoological Garden in Central Park.

The building is of red brick and granite. It is one hundred and ninety-nine feet in length and sixty-six feet in width, and is practically five stories in height, one of the stories being the gallery of the main hall. The wood-work of the interior is of black walnut and ash. The floors consist of brick arches, covered with concrete; and laid with English tiles. The staircases are of iron, and the stairs have gutta-percha coverings. The building is said to be absolutely fire-proof. A notable feature of the building is the abundance of light afforded in the interior, and the complete diffusion of it. There are no shadows, and there is no place in the building where the light does not fall directly. There are many windows, and they are very large ones, so that a person standing in any spot in any one of the large halls can look directly out of doors. At the northern end of the building there are two towers. The western one contains the stairways, and in the eastern tower, on each floor, there are rooms for the curators. The fifth, or attic, story, lighted with dormers, contains students' rooms, and a room which holds the Jay scientific library, presented by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, the daughter of John David Wolfe, the first President of the corporation. This floor also contains many rooms, fitted with desks, fire-proof cases for specimens, and other suitable appointments for the free use of scientific men, who can advance the interests of science in America by using the collections of the museum. Clarence King, Professor Hitchcock, the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania and Nevada Surveys, and the Director of the Canadian Survey, will occupy offices here. This floor will be the headquarters of people seeking for scientific information, and the information will be easily obtained. This department of the Museum, for it may be looked upon as such, will help the people to a better understanding of what the natural resources of our country are, and how to use them. It is hoped by the incorporators that scientific men of other countries will be attracted hither by the advantages which the Museum offers to them. The specimens belonging to the Museum are skillfully and attractively arranged. The exhibition cases are thought to be superior to any others ever made for the same purpose. Their framework is iron, faced with black walnut. The iron framework gives so much strength to the cases that remarkably large plates of glass and very small mullions have been used with safety. These cases cost \$60,000, and were designed by Mr. Radford.

On the first floor, in the centre of the hall, shown in our picture, is arranged the Jay collection of shells, presented by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe. At the north end of the hall is a group of mammals, mounted by Ward, of Rochester, comprising a camel of Armenia, in the neighborhood of Trebizonde; a moose, from Nova Scotia, and a wapiti, or large deer, from the Rocky Mountains. On the west side of the hall are displayed the Japanese building stones, the wax representations of the fruits of Iowa, and the woods of Japan, Bermuda and Jamaica, all of which were in the Exhibition at Philadelphia, and were afterwards presented to the Museum. In this hall, also, are a group of buffaloes, mounted by Ward, and deer and antelopes from the Verreaux collection; two cases devoted to the monkeys of the Old World and those of the New—an arrangement which is new, but which is sustained by the anatomy of the animals. There is a case filled with the representatives of the cat family, the central figure of which is a lion, from Barbary. In the foreground there is a dog, and the taxidermist has endeavored to illustrate the story of the dog which was thrown in a lion's cage as food for the lion, but found a protector in the lion, who guarded it from the attacks of the other beasts. There is a group of bears, the central figure in which is the old grizzly bear who formerly lived in the Park Menagerie, and was a prominent attraction there. A case of wolves and dogs; one of rodents, comprising rats, mice, rabbits and squirrels; one of bats, comprising vampires, which are small bats, and the fruit-eating bats, which are large and ferocious-looking creatures; a case of marsupials, or pouch animals, from Australia, from the Verreaux collection, and a case of pigs, including the Malayan tapir, complete the collections on this floor.

In the main hall on the second floor the cases are entirely filled with ornithological specimens. The display comprises all varieties of birds, from the nightingale, which is pre-eminently a creature of the air, to the penguin, the wings of which are only used as paddles in the water. The Elliot collection of North American birds fills most of the cases on the east side of the hall, leaving room enough, however, for a case of Central American and South American humming-birds, a case of South American birds from the Verreaux and Maximilian collections. Birds of Europe, Asia, and Africa fill the cases on the west side.

The display on the two floors which have been described is an extraordinary one, on account of its completeness, and the excellence of all the specimens. The stuffed animals and birds are all mounted artistically, and present a very lifelike appearance. A fine ethnological collection is exhibited in the gallery of the main hall. Two mummies stand on either side of the doorway, one of a Chinook chief, from the neighborhood of the Columbia River, wrapped up with his wife and child, who were sacrificed at his burial, and the other of a native of Alaska. Implements of peace and war belonging to Pacific Islanders, the aborigines of France, and of our own Southern States, are also in this collection; and room has been found in the gallery for a part of the ornithological collection, comprising Australian birds of brilliant plumage.

On the third floor of the building the geological collections of Professor James Hall, of Albany, are arranged. The whole geological display comprises millions of specimens, and the exact number of them has never been estimated. Professor Hall's collection forms the foundation of the geological records included in the State Natural History, and illustrates principally the geology and paleontology of New York State—Seven thousand of these specimens have been drawn and used as illustrations in scientific works. The Holmes collection of specimens of South Carolina is also here. The side cases are lettered from A to T. The table cases in the centre contain representations of fossils from the several formations opposite which they are placed, vertebrate specimens of the Holmes collection, and a special collection of fossil Brachiopods from Europe. In the Hall collection the figures and typed specimens are most of them marked with small green tickets.

Professor Albert S. Bickmore, the Superintendent of the Museum, has two assistants, namely, Dr. J. B. Holder and Professor R. P. Whitfield. A few young men also find employment in the Museum. The

President of the corporation is Robert L. Stuart. The Trustees are, Robert L. Stuart, William A. Haines, Howard Potter, Robert Colgate, Benjamin H. Field, Adrian Iselin, Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew H. Green, Morris K. Jesup, D. Jackson Steward, J. Pierpont Morgan, Joseph H. Choate, Percy R. Pyne, John B. Trevor, James M. Constable, William E. Dodge, Jr., Joseph W. Drexel, Frederick W. Stevens, Abram S. Hewitt and Charles Lanier. Professor Bickmore is very enthusiastic about his charge. New York cannot maintain her commercial pre-eminence, he thinks; but she can become the home of science and intellectual pursuits in America, and such institutions as the Museum of Natural History will do much to elevate her importance in that sense.

The opening ceremonies were performed, as shown in our picture, in the presence of a large audience of distinguished citizens. Mr. Robert L. Stuart, President of the Board of Trustees of the Museum, gave a historical sketch of the undertaking. Mr. William R. Martin, President of the Department of Public Parks, discoursed upon the benefits which accrue from works that confer enjoyment upon the citizens, while tending to elevate the standard of public taste. Addresses were also made by Doctor Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, Professor Marsh, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Hon. Smith Ely, Jr., Mayor of the City of New York. President Hayes, in conclusion, pronouncing the formal words that placed the exhibition at the service of the public. In the evening President Hayes was the guest of the New England Society at their annual dinner at Delmonico's.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Sale of Edelweiss Prohibited in Switzerland.—The inhabitants of the Upper Engadine, one of the most attractive spots in Switzerland, have passed an order forbidding to sell or destroy a local wild-flower which is called *Edelweiss*, and is well known to travelers and to readers of Auerbach's charming novel of like name. The anxiety of visitors to purchase, and the greed of the natives to sell, made the destruction so active that the plant was fast disappearing. It remains to be seen whether the law will not enhance the price without preventing the sale of the flowers.

Nicotine in Old Pipes.—A lad in Dartmouth, England, saw some children blowing soap-bubbles on a neighbor's door-step, and borrowed a clay pipe from his father to repeat the experiment; this he soon broke and returned for another. His father gave him an old wooden pipe which had been lying on a shelf for a year. In an hour the child was very sick, vomiting and becoming very drowsy and deadly pale. At the end of the third day the little fellow's sufferings came to an end. The physician testified at the inquest that the child died from imbibing nicotine contained in the old wooden pipe.

Destruction of Ferns.—The rage for ferns is now so universal that, if it long continues, the rarer and prettier kinds will almost disappear. A collector, who knows what is going on in the botanical world, says that commissions have been sent to England to gather five hundred specimens of each of the rare plants of Great Britain to be sent to the United States. At that rate rare plants will soon become so scarce that no one can find them. In some parts of our country, by the destruction of forests, the extermination of birds and the drying up of streams, the inhabitants are doing all they can to convert whole sections into deserts.

Lubricating Oils of Mineral Origin.—The process of preparing mineral oils for lubricating purposes without introducing either animal or vegetable oils appears to possess considerable merit. First the oil is submitted to fractional distillation and the heavier products are collected. Next, through the oil large quantities of compressed air is forced from the pipe at the bottom of the vessel. This agitates the oil, facilitates the action of the chemicals and carries off the oil of low boiling point. Oil thus made is said to form no gum and to keep pure. It does not decompose under heat and pressure into fatty acids which corrode boilers and produce priming, with other serious inconveniences.

The Geodetic Association.—The International Geodetic Association of Europe has just published a report of its proceedings for 1876. The labors of this association comprise full and free discussion of geodesy in all its branches, and delegates are sent to its congress from all the enlightened nations of Europe. There was no representative from the United States, and this was a grave mistake, and our Coast Survey is universally acknowledged to be in no way inferior to the best of similar organizations in Europe. The next meeting of the Association will take place in October of this year at Stuttgart, Germany. The United States ought to have an accredited representative at the conference. Our Government has had occasion to survey more extensive tracts of land and to measure a longer line of coast than any other country, and the methods and instruments employed here could not fail to interest foreigners. We hope that the Coast Survey will send an accomplished geodesist to the congress.

The Draining of Lake Fucino.—A great engineering work, which was begun by Julius Caesar, and continued by the Emperors Claudius, Trajan and Hadrian, and finally abandoned as a hopeless task, has been successfully accomplished by Prince Torlonia of Rome. The Lake Fucino is situated in the Province of Aquila, fifty-three miles east of Rome, and ninety-six miles north of Naples, and, before its draining, covered the greater part of a vast table-land, one of the largest in the central part of the Apennines, and comprising 37,050 acres at low water, but after heavy rains often overflowing 100,000 acres. Being situated 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded on all sides by spurs of the main mountain, it was separated from the adjacent valleys in such a manner as to possess no outlet for the discharge of water to lower levels, and it was only by absorption and evaporation that any diminution in volume could take place. By constructing a tunnel 6,867 yards long under the mountains, large enough to discharge 10,912 gallons of water every second, Prince Torlonia has opened a way for drawing off the entire contents of the lake into the river Lirys in the valley below. A system of canals has been constructed in the bed of the lake, and at the head of the tunnel is a massive stone building in which is the gate. In order to define the boundaries of the lake at the time of beginning the drainage, pedestals of heavy stone surrounded by small cast-iron statues of the Virgin have been placed at intervals. All of the reclaimed land will belong to the Prince Torlonia after paying a certain sum to the Government. The sale of this land will repay in a small measure for the enormous outlay of money to which this public benefactor has been subjected. It was in the light of a benefactor, and not of a speculator, that the work was undertaken, and there is great rejoicing in Rome that the prince, now an old man, has been spared to witness the completion of the enterprise to which he has devoted millions of money and twenty-two years of his life. The entire history of this great work has been written in English and French, and published by Torlonia, in a volume of six hundred pages, printed with elegance of type and paper, and embellished with fine engravings illustrating the progress of tunneling from the days of Caesar to the present time.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON has declined the mission to Spain, and will remain at Washington.

THE will of the late John C. Green, of New York, leaves \$100,000 to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

MR. BENJAMIN MORAN, American Minister to Portugal, is said to be in very poor health, and will in all probability retire before long.

SENATOR EUSTIS, of Louisiana, gets a snug little fortune in the shape of back pay and mileage—something like \$10,000 at least.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, D. D., Rector of St. James's Church, Chicago, has been unanimously elected Bishop of the new Episcopal diocese of Quincy.

FORTY natives of Ohio are in Congress. Nine are in the Senate—Dorsey, Voorhees, McDonald, Allison, Plumb, Windom, Jones, Sharon and Matthews.

M. FELIX REGAMEY, well known in this country, has received from the French Government the decoration of *Officier d'Academie* in recognition of his merits as an artist.

MAURICE VIGNAUX, the French billiard expert, has issued a challenge to all billiard players, including the Paris professors, offering to give any one who takes it up 300 points in 2,000.

DR. HIRSCHFELD, the German scholar, who began and directed last year the excavations at Olympia, has accepted an appointment in the ancient art department of the British Museum.

MR. H. W. LONGFELLOW received through the post-office of the Old South Church Fair the other day a letter written in Japanese, expressing the writer's admiration for the poet's works.

AMBROISE THOMAS is an unlucky man. He has just laid aside his opera of "Francesca da Rimini" for the second time, because no tenor can be found who considers himself fitted to sing the principal part.

REUBEN R. SPRINGER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who had already given \$125,000 to the new Cincinnati Music Hall, offers to give \$50,000 more for supplementary buildings, if the citizens will add \$100,000.

THE three girls who became the wives respectively of Secretary Everts, Hon. George P. Marsh, and Mr. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, were classmates together in a school at Burlington, Vt.

MR. F. BRIDGEMAN, the American artist, who is regarded in Paris as Gérôme's best pupil, is preparing a great picture of an Eastern subject for the Salon of next year. His Egyptian scenes have attracted much attention in recent salons.

IT is said in Washington that the daughter of Admiral Poore is to make the best match of the season. In January she is to wed Mr. Glover, one of the firm of Riggs & Co., bankers. Mr. Glover is highly spoken of, and Miss Poore is charming.

MR. HAMLIN, the oldest Senator now serving, is sixty-eight. Mr. Dorsey is the youngest; he entered the Senate when only thirty years old, and has served five years. Mr. Edmunds, who is forty-nine, is the Senator who looks oldest.

MR. SUTTON, a well-known professional baseball player, was converted at a revival meeting in Philadelphia not long ago. He arose to address the meeting, and said: "I have made the first base, and, by the help of the Lord, will make a home run."

CAPTAIN R. N. SCOTT, Third Artillery, has been ordered to repair to Fort Ontario, N. Y., and turn over his command and the public property in his charge, and then return to Washington and take charge of the duty of preparing the records of the war for publication.

MRS. BURTON, wife of the famous traveler, is the Bergh of Trieste, where her husband is Consul, and seems to have succeeded in awakening the Triestian mind to the fact that the brute creation is not devoid of feeling. She lately distributed prizes for humanity in the presence of the Governor-General and other magnates.

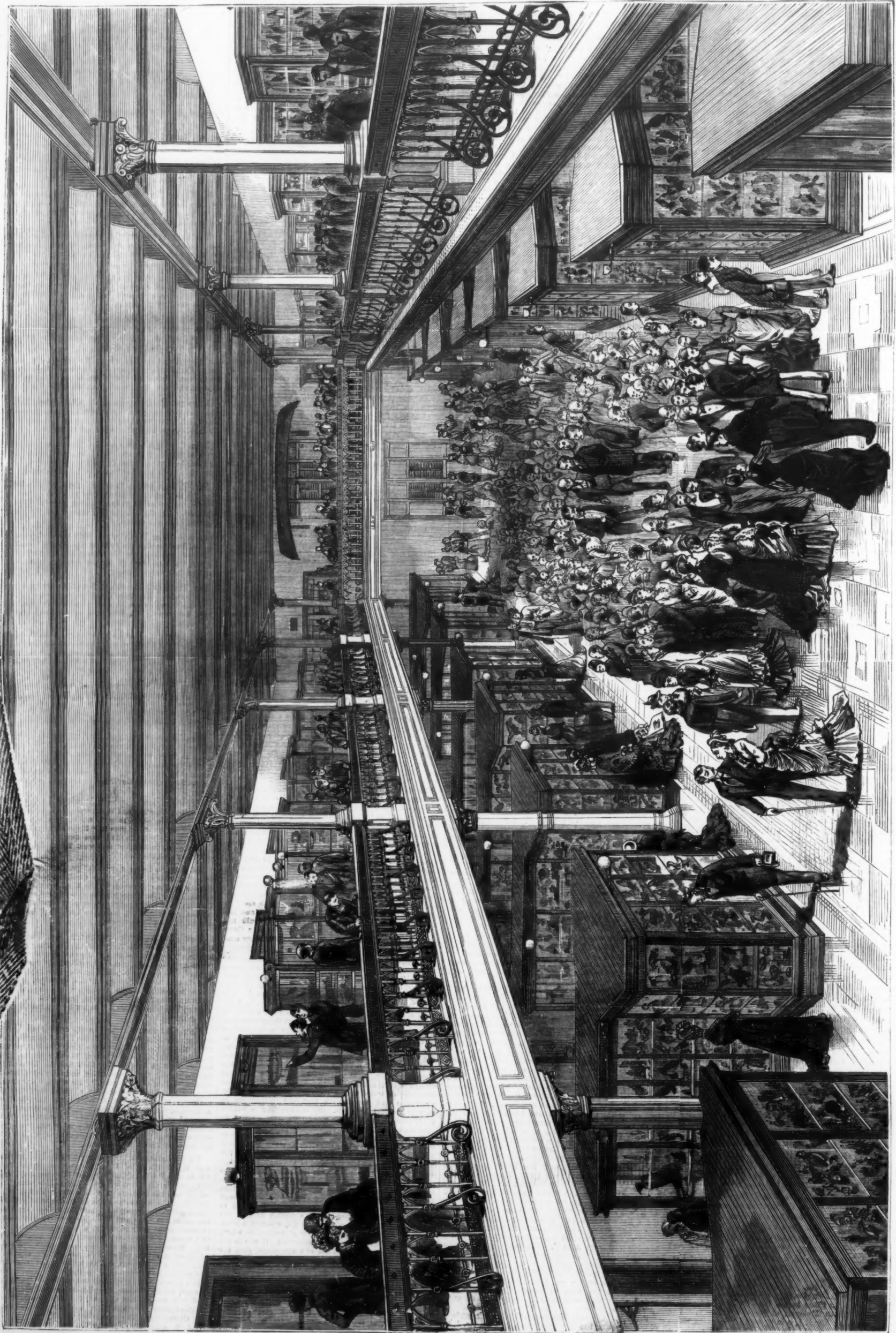
MARK TWAIN's speech, in which he pictured Longfellow, Emerson and Whittier engaged in game of cards in a California miner's cabin, gave offense in Boston. As one critic puts it, "If the three gentlemen named in his remarks had been entertained in New York, and a speaker had said what Twain did, Boston would have felt insulted."

AN Havana letter says that great preparations are being made at the Palace of the Captain-General in Havana for the celebration of the King's wedding next month. New furniture has been brought from New York, and the municipality, which pays for all the renovations and ornaments, is said to have voted \$100,000 in bank-bills for this purpose.

THE old Admirals pronounce Mr. Thompson the best Secretary the Navy has had in their remembrance. They speak of him in the most complimentary terms as a business man, and perfectly competent to discharge his duties. Now that no discipline is violated, how they do assail Robeson for his untidiness, his neglect of business and his absorption in dinners and entertainments! It was almost impossible ever to transact any business with him, as he was absent most of the time.

HON. RICHARD MCCORMICK, appointed Commissioner-general to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition next year, is a New Yorker, and was born in 1832. He was educated at one of the colleges and engaged in business on Wall Street. He visited Europe during the Crimean War, and published a volume, "St. Paul to St. Sophia." He was a "war correspondent" during the Rebellion, chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture, Secretary and Governor of Arizona, and Delegate to Congress for three terms. He was one of the commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition, and Secretary of the National Republican Committee during the late Presidential campaign. He will not leave for France before March.

THE marriage of the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. H. W. White, of West Thirty-fourth Street, Miss Maude May White, to George Frederick Jones, Esq., took place on Thursday evening last. The bride is young and lovely, and the bridegroom a fit mate for his charming consort. The handsome mansion of the bride's father was superbly decorated, being literally walled with flowers, while the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of their friends in a bay-window fitted up as a floral bower worthy the reception of Titania herself. Numerous costly and elegant wedding-gifts were presented, amongst which a magnificent silver tea-set from Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and an Indian shawl from Mrs. Judge Hilton, were specially noticeable. Among the guests present were Charles O'Connor, Mayor Ely, E. C. Cowdin, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Hilton, Judge Porter, Mrs. M. Everts, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Bell and Miss Bell, Henry Knickerbocker, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden. The ushers were Mr. George Gould, Mr. A. H. Alker, Mr. Wymant Van Zant, Jr., and Mr. S. White.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT—PRESIDENT HAYES PARTICIPATING IN THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, MANHATTAN SQUARE, EIGHTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY-NINTH TO EIGHTY-FIRST STREET, ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22d.—See Page 311.

HON. M. C. BUTLER,
U. S. SENATOR FROM
SOUTH CAROLINA.

GENERAL MATTHEW Calbraith Butler, declared U. S. Senator from South Carolina for six years from March 4th last, by a vote of the Senators themselves, is the son of the Hon. William Butler, who was a Congressman from South Carolina, the nephew of General Pierce M. Butler, who fell at Churubusco at the head of the famous Palmetto Regiment, and also the nephew of Judge A. P. Butler. On his mother's side he is a nephew of Commodore Oliver H. Perry. He was graduated at the South Carolina College, and entered upon his active political career in 1860, when he was elected a member of the Legislature. When the Rebellion broke out he organized a cavalry force and took the field as a captain. He was promoted grade by grade until, by the close of the war, he had attained the rank of a major-general. In the election of 1870 he was a candidate for Governor of South Carolina on what was known as the Union Reform ticket, but being defeated, he changed his political creed entirely.

It is safe to assert that General Butler owes the prominence of his name to his unfortunate connection with the terrible massacre of negroes in the town of Hamburg, S. C., in July, 1876.

A MARTIN LUTHER MEDAL.

A MEDIEVAL TOKEN IN BALTIMORE, MD.

A BALTIMORE druggist named Sheets has in his possession a small silver medal, supposed to have been struck in 1530, in honor of Martin Luther's labors. It is of silver and about the size of a nickel, and bears no date. On one side is a design representing the hand of the Lord holding the seven candles, and the people reading by their light the Bible; on the reverse is a representation of the covenant of Elijah with the Lord and the new covenant of the Reformation. Around the edge of the medal there is a German inscription. Mr. Sheets exhibited the token to Prof. P. C. Beer, who has made a critical examination of it. Medals of this design were struck in 1530, 1630, and 1730. Dr. Beer is of the opinion that it was coined at the first date, as the German word meaning "early" occurred in one of the inscriptions, and it is not in the inscriptions on the later medals. Mr. Sheets came into possession of the medal in a rather curious manner. Several weeks ago a colored girl came to his store and asked him if it was not a piece of money. She said she had offered it at a grocery as a penny, but it was refused. The medal was covered with rust, but Mr. Sheets, thinking from the design that it was a Masonic badge, purchased it for a trifling sum. The girl stated that it had been found in the earth on the lot at the corner of Schroeder Street and Edmondson Avenue, where a dwelling stood several years since. A German family lived in the house, and it is thought it

may have been brought by them to America. The medal has attracted wide attention from the prominent Lutherans in Baltimore, and is generally accepted by them as being the relic above suggested.

A FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF A LARGE WHOLESALE CANDY FACTORY.

A TERRIBLE disaster, accompanied with loss of life, occurred in this city on the afternoon of December 20th. A few minutes after five o'clock a sudden explosion, supposed to have been the bursting of a boiler, occurred in the large wholesale confectionery store of Greenfield & Son, at 63 Barclay Street, and almost immediately afterwards the entire brown-stone front of the five-story building crumbled to pieces. An instant afterwards a blinding sheet of flame flashed through the ruins, followed by dense volumes of smoke. The firm referred to had the largest confectionery manufacturing concern in the United States, and had a capacity of turning out 25,000

pounds of candy per day. It occupied two buildings—No. 63 Barclay Street, where the explosion occurred, and No. 1 College Place—joined in the form of an L. The firm usually employs about 150 hands, but it is claimed that a few days previous about half that number were temporarily taken off, and only about 80, who were skilled in the manufacture of holiday specialties, retained. These were busily at work, attending to their respective duties. Nearly all were in the building where the explosion occurred, the College Place building being comparatively deserted. The proprietor and his two sons were in the office on the ground-floor, and a number of customers were in the show-room, making purchases. The disaster came upon these people without the slightest warning.

Almost simultaneously with the explosion, the Barclay Street wall fell outward at the base, and thus brought the upper stories crashing down with it. Then the beams of the Barclay Street house gave way at the southern end, and bowed inward as they fell. Some of the bricks of the wall were thrown considerable distances, and the concussion of the explosion broke the windows in most of the houses



BALTIMORE, MD.—MEDAL SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO LUTHER.



HON. M. C. BUTLER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRESENT BUILDING OF THE NEW MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, ON MANHATTAN SQUARE, EIGHTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 311.

in the neighborhood. As the ruins tumbled, they buried an express wagon of the Delaware and Lackawanna Express Company and killed one of the two horses. The driver leaped for his life, just escaping the crash, and the second horse was unhurt. A crowd of hundreds of persons at once gathered, and within five minutes the engines were on the ground, the first alarm having been given a few moments after the explosion. Forty-two persons were injured, and ten bodies are supposed to have been buried in the ruins.

MINERAL WEALTH OF TURKEY.

THE Turks have never been successful in mining operations. They have but few men of practical science, and there is so much rascality among their officers that there is but little net revenue from such undertakings. They are too jealous of foreigners to concede their mines to them. The empire abounds in mineral wealth of all kinds, particularly the sals, Bosnia, and Asia Minor. On the slopes of Olympus, in the vale of Tempe, an English company has for many years been engaged in mining operations, chiefly among the silver and gold deposits imbedded in the rocks of this rendezvous of the gods of Grecian fable. This is the only foreign company of any note that has been able to obtain a valuable concession in the mineral districts.

Bosnia abounds in copper, lead, zinc, silver and iron of the first quality. Should it fall into the hands of Austria, as it is likely to do in the settlement of the Eastern question, it will prove a source of great wealth to that Government.

It is the opinion of a celebrated Russian scientific writer, who explored Asia Minor in detail some ten years ago, and who published the results of his survey, that the sands of the Pactolus, if properly worked, would afford from the accumulated deposits it has piled up on its shores a rich yield in gold, if not as great as it did to Cressus, yet in quantities that would astonish the world. At various epochs the Pactolus has revived its fame as a gold-bearing stream. The grains of the precious ore found in its bed and on its shores are, no doubt, triturated from the quartz rocks in Mount Imolus, where lie its foundations. In the times of the Lydian kings the gold treasures of the Pactolus made Sardis the richest city of the Eastern world. Shafts sunk in the bowels of the mountain, and crushing mills, after the California pattern, might render the Pactolus and its mountain region as famous as in ancient times. But this will never happen under the slothful, unenterprising domination of the Turks.

"AMBASSADOR."

THERE is a tone of grandeur in its sound which makes the term "ambassador" a natural object of curiosity as to its origin and derivation.



NEW YORK CITY.—SUDDEN AND FATAL DESTRUCTION OF A CONFECTIONERY FACTORY ON BARCLAY STREET, ON THE AFTERNOON OF DECEMBER 20TH.

If the Spaniards had claimed it as of their invention, the likelihood would have been greatly on their side. Grandiloquence is one of their national attributes, and their substitution of an *z*, pronounced gutturally, for the double *s* in the French and English forms of the word, augments its effect on the ear. But this conjecture is not borne out by the opinion of inquirers. The languages of Greece and Rome have been rummaged in vain for some root from which the title may have sprung. The lexicographers have been reduced to the necessity of making guesses which do more honor to their ingenuity than to their judgment. But to pursue the inquiry further would be a mere waste of time. It is enough to know that we have the word, and are not ignorant of its meaning. The time and place of its adoption, and whether it preceded or followed that of its correlative, "embassy," are questions which may be left without reproach to the hunters of literary butterflies.

FUN.

A KNIGHT OF THE BATH.—Saturday night.

VOORHEES is the first post-Morton Senator we ever had.

BAY windows are safe harbors at night for little smacks.

THE old-fashioned ten-cent scrip is the dime novel of to-day.

ALL the big guns in the savings banks "bust" first and "go off" afterwards.

"THAT Banker of Mine" has the best run of anything out. The edition rarely stops short of Europe.

A COCKNEY, speaking of the death of an octogenarian, remarked that he was born at Hayti and died at height-two.

THEY are going to dramatize the Tweed revelations. An opera has already been composed about him—"William, Tell."

THE average coal-hole cover is getting on its Winter polish, preparatory to slipping from under the unwary pedestrian.

WHAT is the difference between a man struck with amazement and a leopard's tail? One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root.

A BOARDING-HOUSE mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points—the weak point being her coffee and her strong point the butter.

RECENT improvements in coffee-pots are so extensive that cooks will be required to serve an apprenticeship under the direction of a competent professor of engineering.

THE Czar says: "I will make peace on the guarantee of autonomy to all of the Christian peoples of Turkey." And the Sultan replies: "You ought-to-know-me better than that."

VERMONT comes to the front with a horse having seven legs and five horns. A horse fitted up as elaborately as this ought to be killed and stuffed, and nailed up somewhere for a hat-rack.

WHEN a boy, a snow shovel and a drifted sidewalk come together, the bright lexicon of youth contains the word "fall," printed on the title page in letters big enough for a minstrel show-poster.

"PAPA," said a bright Springfield boy just home from a sleight-of-hand entertainment, "I wish I was a conjurer." "Why, my son?" "I would turn you into a rat, call up the cat, and wouldn't I have fun."

THE way we see how to get rich, is To follow the style in vogue, which is Peculate with propriety, Till you're bounced from society—There's where the only real hitch is.

IT is a remarkable fact which we cannot explain, that the boy who does not know that the gun is loaded is nevertheless always to be found at the safe end of the gun. Providence ought to look after this little arrangement and reverse it occasionally.

THE GOUPIE GALLERY.—Goupil's Gallery is ablaze with novelties, from two solitary horsemen, original studies by Deltaille, to a newly engraved Rosa Bonheur. Boughton's "Huguenot Fugitives" possesses a tender grace, while the dramatic action is supreme. Alma Tadima's companion pictures, the "Roman Sculptor's Gallery" and the "Picture Gallery," are marvels of skillful engraving. Palmeroli is represented by a gorgeously tinted, somewhat sensuous picture, entitled "The Morning Hours of a Lady of Fashion." Moreau's "Burgomaster's Fête" is quaint and exquisitely true—the portly figure of the pleasant Burgomaster is a study, from the feather in his hat to the huge rosettes in his shoes. Otto Weber's "Greedy Calves" is softly pastoral. "Which do You Like?" by Geo. A. Holmes, would puzzle an intelligent jury. "Two Kittens" presented by a sweet little maid. Rosa Bonheur's "Cattle Crossing the Straits of Ballychulish"—it takes a Scotchman to pronounce that word—represents this artist at her best. Vibert's "Naughty Book" is reproduced in colored photography with a wondrous fidelity. An hour in Goupil's Gallery, at this season, is "a thing of beauty" and, as a consequence, a "a joy for ever."

HOLIDAY PREPARATIONS.—The prevalence of "Hard Times" is not perceptible in the preparations made for holiday custom in the large stores of this city. Never were they more brilliant. A stroll through Tiffany's establishment is peculiarly a feature of the Christmas holidays. The vast emporium is thrown open to visitors, who repair thither to feast their eyes upon treasures glittering as those which dazzled the gaze of Aladdin. Solitaire diamonds, flashing with Promethean fire; rubies, red as drops of life-blood; emeralds, green as the grass of Erin; pearls, fit for the Princess of Trebizonde; and sapphires, glowing like hope in a young, fresh heart. Tiaras, necklets, bracelets, lockets, pins, brooches, and all those fairy gifts with which Art loves to deck her elder sister Nature. Watches of every sort, shape, and description; bronzes, metal-work and pottery—in short, everything is displayed there that could tempt the pocket or fascinate the eye. The exceptionally mild weather of the last few days has cried check! to everything in the shape of wraps, while the idea of fur produced a feeling akin to suffocation; and yet the hour is ripe for the dainty warm outer garments which bid defiance to King Frost, and laugh in the teeth of cutting nor'easters. That this opinion is largely shared in, a visit to Gunther's superb establishment will place beyond the region of controversy, as from the bevels of fair dames who fit in and out, and the number and variety of wraps tried on—from the sable and sealskin to bear and buffalo—one would be led to suppose that a Siberian Winter was unhappily promised us as a dead certainty.

Error that terrible cough, and thus avoid a consumptive's grave, by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a cough remedy it is unsurpassed. Sold by druggists.

PERFECT health is vouchsafed to few. Probably ninety people out of every hundred who call themselves healthy have their "turns" of languor, exhaustion, depression of spirits, and bodily pain. At these times a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is as refreshing as "the show of a rock in a weary land." It invigorates and rests the system and cheers the mind.

RELIABLE help for weak and nervous sufferers. Chronic, painful and prostrating diseases cured without medicine. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts the grand desideratum. Avoid imitations. Book and Journal, with particulars, mailed free. Address, PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Second Great Drawing of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, at Louisville, Positive Dec. 31st, or Money Refunded.—THE COMMITTEE ENGAGED—HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.—\$320,000 in cash will be distributed on the above date, and from the scheme nearly seven thousand persons must draw prizes. The drawing will be under the supervision of General T. A. Harris, President of the Mexican Trading and Transportation Co.; R. C. Wintersmith, Ex-Treasurer of the State of Kentucky; Colonel Geo. E. H. Gray, and other prominent citizens of the State of Kentucky. Blind boys will draw the numbers and prizes from the wheels, so that *fraud, favoritism, or any knowledge* beforehand of what numbers may draw is *absolutely impossible*. There is no chance of a post-ponement, as the sales already guarantee a drawing, and the management hereby promise to refund to each and every one, with interest, their money, should the drawing be postponed. Printed lists of drawing will be sent to all purchasers of tickets. But a few days are left to invest; order tickets at once from the General Managers, G. W. Barrow & Co., *Courier-Journal* Building, Louisville, Ky., or Thos. H. Hays & Co., Gen'l Agents, 697 Broadway, New York.

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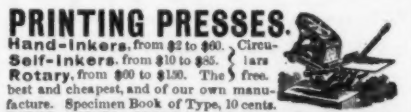
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